3035

Sr. Hercules Buffoon:

OR THE

POETICAL SQUIRE.

A COMEDY,

As it was Acted at

THE DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by John Lacy, *Com.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to His Royal Highness, at the Black Bull in *Cornhill.* 1684.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Tho. Durfey, *Gent.*
Spoken by J. Haynes, *Com.*

YE Scribling Fops, (cry mercy if I wrong ye)
But without doubt there muſt be ſome among ye.
Know that Fam'd Lacy, Ornament o'th' Stage,
That Standard of true Comedy in our Age,
Wrote this new Play:
And if it takes not, all that we can ſay on't,
Is, We have his Fiddle, not his Hands to play on't:
Againſt our Intereſt, he to do you right,
Your Foes the Poets has abus'd to night,
And made us like rude Birds our Neſt Beſh—te.
We know,
If you wou'd write us Plays, they'd loſe their ends;
Kind Parties ſtill would make your pains amends;
For there's no Fop but has a World of Friends:
Who will like City-Whigs help one another,
And every noiſy Fool cry up his Brother.
No more then rack for Prologue or for Song,
Such Trifles to dull Quality belong:
Nor Lampoon Ladies, that your Virtues truſt,
That bask in the hot Malls Pulvillio duſt:
Whoſe low hung Fringes, with attractive Arts,
Sweep heaps of Straws 'mongſt crowds of Lovers Hearts.
Subjects like theſe will never get you Fame,
Nor can you write, if this be all your aim,
More than a Rogue can ſing that ſets a Pſalm.

Tu

But if (like Wits) you would the Town oblige,
Write a good Comedy on some famed Siege,
But not in Rhyme; and if to please you mean,
Let Luxemberg *be taken the first Scene.*
Yet now I think on't, choose another Story,
Some Sparks that late went o'er to hunt for Glory,
Have spoil'd that Jest, and ta'en the Town before ye.
No wonder too, for who could stand their rage,
Since they with Conningsmark *broad Swords engage?*
I fancy you'll turn Butchers the next Age.
For these new Weapons look that guard your Lives,
Like bloudy Cousin Germans *to their Knives.*
I'll put a Question t'ye, Pray does the Writer
(As times go) get most credit, or the Fighter?
Wit is applauded when with Fancy drest;
But to be knock'd o'th' head's a curs'd Jest:
A Fate in which your forward Fool miscarries;
No 'tis much better to lie sick at Paris:
Where we can write what the French King *intends,*
And storm a Town in Letters to our Friends.
Another Inconvenience we must own,
There's many a Fool is by a Bullet known,
That once pass'd for a Wit of high renown.
The proof of Sense lies hid in Safety here,
But when the Skull is broke the Brains appear.
Ah Sirs, if you to the rough Wars should follow,
How many Pates (like mine) would be found hollow!
Faith then take my advice, Stick to Apollo.
Write, and be studious in Dramatick Rules;
For should our Poets sound your shallow Sculls,
You were undone for Wits, and we for Fools.

Actors

Actors Names.

Laton. } *Two Gentlemen.*
Bowman. }
Aimwell.
Lord Arminger.
Sir Marmaduke Seldin, *Uncle and Guardian to the two Heireſſes.*
Sir Hercules Buffoon, *a Lover of Wit and Lying.*
Alderman Buffoon, *his Uncle.*
Squire Buffoon, *Son to Sir* Hercules.
Overwiſe.
A Judge, a Clerk, a French Taylor, and Women.

Mariana, *Eldeſt Daughter* } *to Sir* Marmaduke.
Fidelia, *Youngeſt Daughter* }
Belmaria. } *the Two Heireſſes.*
Innocentia. }
Lydia, *a Servant to* Mariana.
A French Waiting Woman.
A Seaman, Lover of Lydia.
Servants, Conſtable, Waiters, and Footboy.

Actors Names.

Sr. Hercules Buffoon.

FIRST ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Laton, Bowman, *and* Aimwell.

La. DEAR *Bowman* well met, *Aimwell* thy ſervant.

Bo. O Mr. *Laton*, I was told you were in a gay humour laſt night, good company, and very witty.

La. An eaſie thing for any man to be witty, or a Wit at my rate: for we that make the greateſt buſtle, the loudeſt noiſe, and are rudeſt to the women, are called Wits.

Bo. Than you conclude rudeneſs and ill manners to be the ingredients of wit: I ſee thou underſtand'ſt ſome wit.

La. Yes, the wit of this age I do; for to be witty now, is to be more troubleſom in a Playhouſe, than a Butcher at a Beargarden: that's wit to tear womens cloaths and linnen off in the houſe: that's wit to ſee Play for nothing, one Act in the Pit, another in a Box, a third in the Gallery, that's wit. And laſtly, to cheat your Hackney Coachman, Link Boy, and your Whore, and give 'em nothing: O that's mighty wit!

Aim. Hang 'em, thoſe are Sherks, not Wits.

La. They go for Wits I aſſure you, Sir. When a poor Coachman has driven me all day, and I not knowing how to pay him, I have bid him drive to ſuch a place, and there I tell him he muſt wait till I have ſupp'd; under that pretence I ſlip out at a back door, and there your Coachman's paid.

Aim. This is a very ungentleman-like wit, I aſſure you.

La. Take heed what you ſay, for I always do it when I am drunk.

Bo. Ay, and when you are ſober too I doubt.

La. Faith when I want money, but now they all know me so well, that when I call a Coach, they drive away from me as the Devil were i'th' wheels.

Aim. If thou call'st this wit, prethee be witty no more.
But waving all this, what news?

Bo. All the discourse o'th' Town is, of the two great Heiresses of the City; three hundred thousand pound betwixt two sisters.

Aim. 'Tis almost incredible, that a Merchant in his life time should raise so vast an estate.

Bo. 'Tis no wonder; several Aldermen have left greater sums,
Whose Sons to this hour wallow in wealth,
And honour too.

La. Has their Father left them Orphans to the City?

Bo. No, but he has fetch'd his elder Brother out of prison, and made him their Guardian.

La. If he be poor, they will as certainly be bought and sold, as Soap and Hops are at *Sturbridge* Fair.

Bo. May be not, for he's of great education: and though he be a man of parts and wisdom, yet his pride wou'd never suffer his high spirit to stoop to his low fortune, but still spent on till he was clapt in prison.

Aim. 'Tis strange his Brother shou'd trust him
In that low condition.

Bo. 'Tis so; but to encourage him to be just, he has left him a thousand pounds a year for his life.

La. For all that they that bid most shall have 'em.

Bo. He has two Daughters of his own indeed, what his love to them may tempt him to I know not; but thy men say of him, he is the Devil in his anger, and in his temper the most airy, jocose, and civil Gentleman in the world.

Aim. So much for him, now for our selves:
How design ye the day?

La. My business is to visit the famous *Norfolk* Knight,
Sir *Hercules Buffoon*, they say he is come to Town.

Bo. I am glad to hear it, for
He is a man of great divertisement.

La. To most men he is a pleasant Creature; his ambition is to be a Wit, but he wants materials, all the tools he has towards it is Lying, and that he does so well, that 'tis hard to know when he lyes, and when he does not.

Aim. I have business with him, let us all go.

Bo. Faith let us call of my Lord *Arminger*,
For he loves such divertisement.

La. With all my Soul, for I value him above all Mankind.

Aim. He deserves it, Sir; for he has all points of honour in him to perfection.

Bo. I am not the least of his Admirers, and so let's go wait upon him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir Marmaduke Serdin; Mariana, Fidelia, *his Daughters.*

Sel. Fortune, *Mariana*, has bail'd me out of the jaws of prison, and made me Guardian to my Brothers Daughters; three hundred thousand pounds they have, which shall lodge you both in the Arms of Honour. But you must follow my instructions, and subtilly act your parts in my design.

Ma. So your design be just, Sir.

Sel. Just! dare you question the actions of your Father? does your Conscience scruple to be great, Madam Precision?

Ma. No, Sir, if that greatness be fairly purchased; but where have we Fortunes to expect such blessings?

Sel. Is not three hundred thousand pounds enough to Invite the best of Subjects to your bed, Madam?

Ma. Bless me! that's your Brothers Money, left for his own dear Children; I hope then you'll not betray your trust, and strip your self of that honest fame you have ever liv'd in.

Sel. Who would not be a Knave, a damn'd one, rather than a Beggar? who can withstand this great temptation? The Fools, the Wise, the Learned, nor the Religious, have power to resist such a blessed occasion; why then should I be styled That Honest Fool? No.

Fi. Sister, can you forget that our wants made our Landlady attempt our virtues, saying she would help us to a kind Gentleman that would pay our Rent for us, if we would be kind to him again?

Sel. A Baud by my life, O damn her! but Landladies are Licens'd Bauds, for paying scot and lot they have Vestry Commission to corrupt the Daughters of each Parish.
But say, *Mariana*, resolve you to obey?

Ma. Sir, on my knees I beg I may retire from the mischiefs I foresee: your honour and my Cousins ruin are at stake, and must be lost, I'll beg some heaven'ly Guide to direct me where Virtue dwells.

Sel. That's where no Mankind inhabits; Virtue is a meagre starv'd old Woman, that lives in a Cellar on the Alms of a Parish, and that's the best preferment Virtue ever purchased.

Fi. And will you be one of those virtuous old Women, Sister?

Ma. Yes, and from my heart I wish you were so too.

Fi. Thank you, Sister; but I hope 'tis time enough to think of virtue when ones Teeth are out: to be a virtuous young Woman, and a virtuous old Woman too, is too much, I think 'tis fair, Father, for a young Woman to resolve to be virtuous when she's old.

Ma. Wou'd you not be virtuous whilest you're young, Sister?

Fi. Yes, dear Sister, but one wou'd not make it their business: if it come, 'tis welcom; if not, by my troth I'll ne'er break my heart about it.

Sel. Thou art my own Child by Heaven; for thee, *Mariana*, though

thou art the treasure of my heart, I'll tear thee from it, for it must be torn, thou art so firmly rooted: but henceforth I'll hate thee for thy disobedience, therefore be gone.

Ma. 'Tis the onely thing my Soul desires; for I had rather be the Offspring of a Monster, than the Child of him who means such horrid wrongs to those that trust them.

Sel. 'sDeath her saucy zele has made her impudent.
You Fanatick Devil, dare you talk to me thus, and not shake and tremble? Has Virtue bereft thee of modesty and manners? A curse upon the Errors of the Age, when Children grow precisely obstinate; the damn'd Ignorant call that Virtue.

Fi. Prethee consider, Sister, Virtue cannot maintain thee; and when once 'tis known a handsom Woman is in want, then as the Poet worthily says, the powerful Guinney cannot be withstood. Pray you, Sir, let me but have her one hour, I'll make her sensible what destruction Virtue brings to Woman-kind: but pray you tell her how great she shall be; I fancy an Honourable Title may prevail with a Tender Conscience.

Sel. She shall be sure of the highest, or if Subjects can arrive at greater Dignities, we will still fly higher.

Fi. But hearkyou, Father, what shall I be all this while? This tempting Honour has kindled such a fire in me, that I'm ready to break out into Dignities, and cannot be quench'd till I am refin'd and purifi'd fit for Empire. There's noble pride for you, Father.

Sel. My own Spirit dictates to thine, and makes our Hearts strike time and thought together.

Fi. Sister look here, farwell Conscience, for Greatness sake I'd make no scruple to poyson my very Father.

Sel. How! how!

Fi. If you stood betwixt me and Honour, Father.

Sel. O my Genius, my own dear Genius!

Ma. Was ever thing so very young so very wicked! Thou shou'ds a ta'en thy leave of Heaven fairly, and not suffer'd the Society of Devils to have enter'd thee so soon.

Fi. Alack Father, she'll preach anon. I dare swear a great Pew in a Fanatick Church is her *Non ultra:* she has no honourable pride in her, she is not of our Family.

Ma. From my Soul I wish I were not.

Sel. That shall be granted never doubt; the thing I doat on more than Heaven proves my greatest Hell; thy virtue makes thee thy own Angel and my Devil.

Ma. Well I'll go where nothing of Religion is profess'd, and there perhaps may be no wickedness; for Heathens sure have no sins of your monstrous growth.

Fi. I had rather be a rich and honourable Monster, than a virtuous Beggar, Sister.

Sel. Is Greatness then a monstrous sin? that's like those malicious Bruits, who

who call Coaches Hell-Carts because they go afoot; so you think wealth monstrous because you are a Begger. That ever we should bring our Children up to be religious! it onely teaches them to rebell against their Prince and Parents. Then Dame Nature, that cunning Gilt, commands and orders us to doat on them, when they return nothing but ingratitude. Wou'd Nature had let that subtil knack alone, for 'tis the chiefest curse that Mankind has, loving and providing for our Brats: come, Minion, I'll provide for you, for by the Life that's lent me, if within this hour you comply not, I'll ease your troubled mind with this ——

Fi. Let me, Father, but have her to my Chamber, if I do not charm her to obedience, and like a Twig bend and supple her fit for all your projects, then disown me too.

Sci. Thy words come from thee with an Angels voice.

Ma. A Devils or a Peacocks rather.

Fi. You bray like an Ass, Lady, and may come into the consort: what harmonious musick wou'd a Peacock, a Devil, and an Ass make! the Peacock shou'd chant the Treble, the Ass shou'd bray the Tenor, and the Devil shou'd roar the Base. And to these add but a Sowgelder, and say they are come out of *Fraree*, and they wou'd pass for the best Musick in Christendom. Come foolish Sister, come angry Father, I'll confute your She-Lay-Elder never fear me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Hercules Buffoon *and* Alderman Buffoon, *at several doors.*

Ald. My worthy Nephew Sir *Hercules Buffoon*, I rejoyce heartily to see you at *London*; and pray you, Sir, what news does the Country afford?

Her. Why all the news in the Country is, that there's no news at *London*.

Ald. What and the *Gazets* bawling in the streets twice a week.

Her. Burn the *Gazette*, we know what news there's in't before it comes out; there's my Ladies little Dog, with Liver-colour'd Spots; then a Horse stolen or stray'd fourteen hands high, they that can bring tidings of him shall be well rewarded: then there's the old stop-gap *Dito*: and these are for ever and ever the news of the *Gazette*. I'll be better inform'd in the Country at a Thatch'd Alehouse, where the Gentry meet twice a week to communicate news.

Ald. But prethee Nephew, tell me what news i'th' Country?

Her. They say for certain, that *London* and *Westminster* are grown so Godly, that in a whole week there's scarce a Cuckold made.

Ald. You found not that in the *Gazette* I hope.

Her. A Pox on the *Gazette*, they have got a trick now to expound it, and they make as many false Interpretations, as thou makest Uncle when thou expound'st a Chapter to thy Family.

Ald. You are always jerking at the Scriptures, and prophaning the silent Ministers; those are your Common-places. They say now you take delight to be thought an Atheist, and a Wit forsooth.

Her.

Her. I confess I'd rather be thought an Atheist, than a Wit.

Ald. They go together indeed, impossible to part those two sins.

Her. They are as inseparable I confess as Matrimony; an Atheist and a Wit are incorporated, and like man and wife become one flesh.

Ald. Or rather grafted or inoculated into *Belzebub*, And so become one Devil.

Her. The truth is, they are link'd together like Sausages.

Ald. I, and they will fry together like Sausages one day.

Her. In Hell thou meanest; they never value that Man, for they that believe nothing fear nothing.

Ald. Then you are counted the most notorious Lyer of all *Norfolk*, which is a shame and dishonour to the Family of the *Buffoons*.

Her. Thou Fool, 'tis the only useful virtue belonging to a great Family, and I am prouder of it Uncle, than thou art of thy great Bible with huge Silver Clasps.

Ald. A worthy virtue indeed, when a Lyer's counted worse than a Thief.

Ald. Y'are a Rascal Uncle, Lying is one of the Liberal Sciences, and is the eminentst profession in the world but Poetry.

Ald. A Poet indeed is an excellent yoke-fellow for a Lyer; The Devil cou'd not a match'd them better.

Her. A City Presbyter and a silenc'd Minister are better match'd by half.

Ald. Thou'rt a wicked Fellow, sure there is some secret delight in being a Wit, or else men would never venture to be damn'd for't as they do.

Her. A man wou'd venture any thing to be a Wit Uncle, to have men honour and admire them, and cry There goes a Wit, that Gentleman's a Wit; O there's more glory in that, than in being a Monarch.

Ald. I believe my self am a better Wit than the best of them, I can repeat all *Hudibras* and *Scarron*, Pull to my more. And that's more than any Wit in England can brag of.

Her. Ha, ha, what a thing is a Fool found out for Wit! why what the Devil has Wit to do with Religion?

Ald. Nay Sir, I have got a hundred thousand pounds by my wit, that's the substantial part. Your little flashy Wits, their Pockets are always as empty as their Heads. Money is wit, Purchasing is wit, Planting is wit; when they come to that I'll allow 'em to be Wits, and before I assure you. But where's your Son? I mean to make a Prentice of him.

Her. I mean to make a Wit of him.

Ald. But prethee Nephew, tell me first make a Prentice of him, and then he is qualified for wit, or any Honourable Title in the world. I would bind him Prentice because I would have him saved.

Her. Saved! I was a Prentice my self, and I do not find I like to be saved, for I learnt all my Lying there; the first thing my Master taught me was, never to speak truth to a Customer, and is that the way to be saved?

Enter

Enter Esquire Buffoon.

Ald. That is not Lying, Nephew, 'tis but the mystery of our professions, and for advantage of trade we all hold fraud to be a little lawful.

Her. O here comes your Heir and mine, this is your Uncle Sirrah.

Sq. Sirrah? Sir, if you were twenty Fathers, I write my self Esquire.

Ald. Well said Boy, I commend thee.

Sq. Are you my reverend rich Uncle Alderman *Buffoon?*

Ald. Yes, Sir.

Sq. I hope you'll excuse my Fathers rudeness for calling me Sirrah; really I am ashamed of him, a poor Country Knight, void of manners. I understand Uncle you will make me your Heir.

Ald. If you behave your self like a *Buffoon*, I'll make you my Heir.

Sq. Then pray you Uncle pray to God to bless me; you are obliged indeed, Sir, for I have not ask'd my Father Blessing these seven years.

Ald. And if good times come I'll make you a Lord.

Sq. Then I shall be the first *Buffoon* that ever was a Lord.

Her. Not by a hundred; there has been, there is, and will for ever be Lord *Buffoons:* we are an ancienter Family than the *La-Fools*, we came in with *William of Normandy*, and the *French Buffons* came out of the *Irish Buffoons* by a match with King *Pippin*; and there the *Buffoons* are fixt, and will be to the end of the world.

Ald. I honour thee Nephew for thy Learning, in deriving our Pedigree in a diameter from the best Blood of *Europe*.

Sq. But Uncle, letting the House of *Pippin* aside,
I must needs go see the Players.

Ald. Players! thou foolish profane Boy, Players!

Sq. If you be not read in the History of Players, both men and women, 'twill call your Breeding in question, besides, all the Princes in the world allow of Players, and if the *Buffoons* should not, then where's your Pedigree from the House of *Pippin?*

Ald. Nay rather than call that in question, I'll allow of Players freely.

Sq. We admire Poets too in the Country most mightily, Uncle.

Ald. That's more than we do in *London*, I assure you Sir.

Sq. I pity all those that do not, Uncle: but Father which do you hold to be the most honourable, your Comick or Heroick Poet?

Her. O your Heroick without doubt, because he comes nearer the Romantick strain than the other.

Sq. Romantick, what signifies the word Romantick?

Her. Why it comes from the word Romance, and Romance is the Arabick word for a Swinger, and Swinger is the Hebrew word for a Lyer.

Sq. By this you prove the Heroick Poet to be a Lyer.

Her. No, no, by no means; Romantick is in line drawly.

Ald. Nephew, I admire thy parts; I'll home, and make thy Entertain-

ment

ment to the Dignity of the *Buffoons*; for I am more than proud that I ſpring from the Loyns of King *Pippin*. [*Exit Ald.*

Sq. Uncle, we will moſt dutifully be with you forthwith. I muſt ſee the Players Father, for I have tokens to deliver to one of them from two Country Ladies.

Her. Prethee *Ned*, which of the Players is't?

Sq. 'Tis he that acts *Drancanſir*; the Ladies are damnably in love with him for killing whole Armies Horſe and Foot; one of 'em ſaid ſhe wou'd give a hundred pound to be with child by him of a young *Drancanſir*.

Her. Then he muſt get the other Lady with child of a young Army, for the young *Drancanſir* to conquer. But prethee *Ned*, who are the Ladies? I'll warrant 'em both Whipſters.

Sq. Like enough, for one is my Siſter, and the other my Mother I faith.

Her. You damn'd Rogue, to betray your Mother and Siſter.

Sq. Betray! if that be all, they have been betray'd long ſince. Come away Father.

Her. A plaguy witty Dog this. [*Exeunt.*

SECOND ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Guardian: Mariana *and* Fidelia *meet him.*

Sel. NOw my *Fidelia*, how haſt thou proſper'd? I know thou haſt vigorouſly preſt her to obey, for thou art all Duty.

Fi. Not I indeed, this is your dutiful Daughter, Sir.

Sel. Is it poſſible? what charms, what fire didſt thou uſe to thaw that frozen Virtue in her, that common enemy to all Honour and Preferment?

Fi. I have made her more in love with Greatneſs than e'er ſhe was with Virtue. Come Lady Convert, down o' your knees, and crave pardon for your ſtiffnecked rebellion; or out you turn to your old tatter'd Grandam Goody Virtue.

Ma. Sir, I beg your pardon for all my diſobedience, and tender my duty to whatever you command, and think it virtue in me to obey you.

Sel. I am over charged, and want room to entertain the joy thy dear compliance brings. But now to our buſineſs, you two ſhall paſs for my two Nieces, and in ſhort enjoy their Fortunes.

Fi. Well Sir, if we muſt paſs for theſe great Fortunes, How will you diſpoſe of the real ones?

Sel.

Sel. They must be dispatch'd, let me see we'll have 'em—

Fi. Murder'd; come out with it, Father.

Sel. That's too harsh a word for thy tender ear, is it not, my Jewel?

Ma. Indeed it startles me, pray ye give it a milder name: the word Murder is enough to daunt a young beginner.

Fi. Fy, thou hast no mettle in thee, think of Honour, that will fright all Bugbears that awe the simple Conscience.

Sel. I'd give the world to have thee steel'd, and wrought to her hard temper.

Ma. I wou'd not have 'em murder'd, but they may be desir'd to take a journey into the other world.

Sel. There can be no offence in that; a tender Zelot may allow of Murder clad in such mild words.

Fi. A pretty equivocation the Devil has helpt us to, to embolden us to Murder.

Sel. Throw by your fears, or I'll throw by your lives: bloudy words suit best with bloudy deeds, therefore I'll have no other phrase but Murder, startle that dares.

Ma. Murder be it then; now I consider, Sister, 'tis very foolish to scruple at the word, when we so freely consent to the deed.

Fi. Father, I must laugh a little, to tell you true, this cunning Baggage has but dissembled virtue all this while, on purpose to discover your inclinations.

Sel. Mine is to murder 'em without the least fright or start of Conscience; but if that were feign'd Virtue thou managed'st with such Saint-like zele, by Heaven I shall honour thee as the Metropolitan Hypocrite of all thy Sex.

Ma. And Sir, to shew you how little I value Virtue, their deaths already are contrived, and my faithful Servant has undertaken it.

Sel. How, how, my dear Child, how?

Ma. Thus, Sir; my good honest Maid has a Lover, to whom she is contracted, and being a Seaman has already hired a Ship, to spirit them away into the North of *Norway*, where they shall never more be seen or heard of.

Sel. The wisest of men cou'd not ha' thought of so secure a course: but when, O when shall this be done?

Ma. Instantly, we have already prepar'd our Cousins for a journey too; we told them you wou'd send them into *France* for better education, before any Suitors shou'd be admitted.

Sel. And all this ready done; let mankind after this never deal in mischief, when there is a work the Devil cannot manage, a zelous woman shall have the honour of it. I have prepared for thee, my Jewel, the brave Lord *Arminger*, a man that has no stain to blast his better parts, but has a chrystal fame that all the world may see through.

Fi. Then I find I must provide my own Fool.

Sel. Thou art merry still; I have already rich Presents sent me by this Duke, that Marquess, the other Earl: this Dutchess for her Kinsman writes,

that Countess for her Brother, will all send Gifts; I do not receive 'em, nor they carry 'em away, for in that Gentile manner great Ministers of State take Bribes.

Ma. I, Sir, you have raised my spirits; the thought of Honour makes Murder seem a little crime.

Sel. Is there fix thy soul, think on the blessings that attend on Greatness, then who wou'd not wade to the chin in bloud?

Fi. To the knees, Father, is deep enough in conscience.

Sel. You are not known to the world, so that you may pass for them securely; onely the youngest that came from the North, the world has got some hint of her country speech, which if thou canst imitate, we shall cozen the world, live in pleasure, and die in the Bed of Honour.

Fi. No, Father, they that deal justly die in the Bed of Honour; we that cheat and cozen can die but in Honours Truckle bed.

Sel. Well said, good Madam *Hudibras*; come let us cheerfully dispatch this Murder, and that settles all our Fortunes.

Ma. Our hands and hearts go all together.

Sel. This is the greatest satisfaction that ever yet my Soul received.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Arminger, Bowman, Aimwell, Laton.

SCENE II.

Omnes. My Lord *Arminger*, your most humble Servant.

Lo. I hope, Gentlemen, you likewise think I am yours.

La. We come to invite your Lordship to the sight of an extraordinary new sort of Fool.

Lo. Not a finer than my Mr. *Overwise* I hope.

La. Your Lordships is a more affected Fool, he is for impossible projects, new words, and fine phrases.

Lo. O he hates a common phrase as he does a common woman.

Bo. Then he is very impertinent, if he sees you kneeling he will advise you how to pray, at dinner how to eat, in bed how to behave your self.

La. Those things make him a Fool, he wou'd not be one else: he has one worse fault than all those, he will whisper you eternally, always buzzing in your ear like a *Lincolnshire* Gnat.

Aim. But our Fool makes Lying one part of his talent; 'tis Sir *Hercules Buffoon.*

Lo. O I have heard of him, they say he has a Magazine of confidence.

Bo. Nay faith 'tis impudence, and the greatest that e'er came out of *Norfolk.*

Aim. Sir, there are *Buffoons* in other Countries beside *Norfolk.*

Bo. I grant you more than that, Sir; there are as worthy Gentry in *Norfolk* as are in the world, and yet they may have a ridiculous *Buffoon* amongst them.

Lo.

Lo. Aimwell methinks y'are very fine; this dress is meant for Love or War, a Mistress or Campaigne. O here comes my whispering Fool *Overwise*, 'y faith. [*Enter* Overwise.

Over. My Royal Earl; no, Earl is too common, I will call thee my Royal Count; in thy Haven I ride safe at anchor from the surprizing Cogboats, such as carry small burthens of sense, I mean those whom men vulgarly call Fops.

La. Prethee Mr. *Overwise*, what is a Fop?

Over. A Fop! 'tis strange thou shou'dst not know what a Fop is, that art so great a one thy self: I will tell thee, a Fop is the fruit of a Foplin, as a Wit is the kernel of a Witlin.

Bo. I have heard of a Foplin, but never of a Witlin before.

Lo. He has every day some ridiculous thing wou'd please the most morose creature in the world.

Over. Aimwell thou art as gay as a Tulip, as glorious as a Milk-pail on a *May-day*, that is all new my Count.

Lo. Thou art thy self every day new.

Over. I am upon a project, my Royal Count, of obtaining a Charter for the sober Society of the Professors of Coffee; and I would honour the Peers and Gentry so far, as to make 'em free of the Company.

Lo. It must needs be a great honour to be free of Coffee-House Hall.

Over. More honour than to be free of the *Virtuoso's:* but why, my Gallantissimo's, do you not address to the rich Heiresses?

Lo. I declare the Guardian has courted me, but none must visit 'em till some time be expired; the reason I know not.

Over. My Count, why may not I address? the Ladies perhaps may love a wise man before a handsom man.

La. Where shall we find him? then let me put in, perhaps they may love a peevish Fellow that will beat 'em, before a civil man that will court 'em. I have a small Miss that I use barbarously, and I dare swear that she loves me the better for it.

Aim. My French Garniture, a pox on 'em, is not yet arrived from *Paris*.

Lo. The Ladies will despise you if you have not all things French, for I suppose they are of the same air and humour that quality is subject to, that is, to admire a French Fan before an English Gown.

Bo. And a French Dog before an English Man.

La. The Men do worse, for they admire a French Feather above an English Lordship; and a French Taylor above an English Father and Mother.

Lo. I must say this for the Ladies, where there is one Female Fool to admire 'em, there are forty Male.

Over. Really we are so fondly affected with the French, that we shall in time send for French Men to get our English Children for us.

Bo. But they say, my Lord, the youngest Heiress that was bred in the North, is the prettiest kind of creature, every thing she does or says becomes her.

Lo. Yes, and they say her Northern Speech is a great addition to her

Beauty, which is very strange; but being a Child it may the better become her.

La. She has a French Woman to wait on her, and she hates her mortally, and desires all people to help her to curse her home again.

Over. Really they say she puts up a Paper every Sunday to the Parson in the Pulpit, to desire the Curses of the Congregation against all French Taylors and Tire-women.

Bo. Then they say she plays at several Sports, as *Ramp-jouttle*, *Clapper-depouch*, and *Come mother, saw you my cock to day?* These Sports declare her a sweet innocent creature.

Lo. But you have forgot Sir *Hercules Buffoon*, Gentlemen: pray ye let us go in search of him.

Aim. My Lord, we shall all wait upon your Lordship.

Over. I will go in search of that strange sport called, *Come mother, saw you my cock to day?* so I take leave.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Seldin, *Seaman, and Maid.*

SCENE III.

Sel. I understand, Sir, that you have undertaken the disposing of my two Nieces.

Sea. I'll set them ashore where no Mankind inhabits, where they must be starv'd to death, or torn to pieces by wild Bears.

Sel. I honour thee because thou makest no scruple.

Sea. That's for Children to boggle and be fearful: I'll give you an honest and a just account of their Murder, Sir; and in so doing I hope I shall discharge my duty with a good conscience.

Sel. What a sweet Minister of darkness has the Devil sent me!

Li. He is my Lover, Sir, my honest Lover: I have his heart as sure as my young Ladies have mine. We two wou'd commit more than Murder to make them great.

Sel. Your worthy faith shall be rewarded.

Sea. 'Tis enough; come call our foolish Seamates, we must not lose our Tide. O here they come.

[*Enter* Mariana, Fidelia, Innocentia, Belmaria.

Sel. Alack my sweet and lovely Nieces, why do ye weep? such tears are too precious for so slight occasion; all Ladies rejoyce at going into *France*.

In. I had rather gea to *York shire* than to *France*; now good my Hony Nuncle, let us not gea to *France*, but send me back to my Naunt at *York* again.

Sel. Alas my sweet Niece, 'tis for your Breeding I send you; why weep you my lovely Niece?

Bel. Something troubles me I know not what, and prompts me to beseech you on my knees you'll give us leave to stay.

Sel.

Sel. Alack my dear Jewels, it is by advice I send you into *France*: your Fortunes are great, and 'tis my duty to see your Education answerable; I shou'd be condemned by all the world else.

Bel. But good Uncle, why do you turn away our old Servants, that have been with us from our cradles? they would be a comfort to us.

Sel. Because you shall have none but French about you, you'll never learn the Language else.

In. Marra the Devilst learn French for me; by my Saul can *York-shire* word Nuncle's worth ten thousand French cans.

Bel. Dear Uncle, let us stay; we have both had horrid dreams last night, which waked us into such dreadful tremblings, no Ague ever shook the body, as those have done our fearful souls.

Sel. You are more a Child than your Sister, and what was your dream?

Bel. Why Sir, I dreamt I was set ashore by a Seaman in a cold Country, all Frost and Snow, and I call'd out methought to the wicked Wretch that left me there, but he like a cruel man ran from me, and there I perished without one Bird or Beast of the Creation by to pity me.

Sel. I like not this.

Sea. Dam 'em get 'em aboard, and then no matter what they dream. I hate peevish people that will not be murdered quietly when 'tis their turn: come dispatch 'em, Sir.

Sel. And what was your dream, you little fearful Fool?

In. Marry God help me Nuncle, I dreamed just like ana grizely man as that set me down in Frost and Snow, and ran away when he had done, and by and by there came three hujus Bears, Nuncle, then I cried and scream'd out, and God wait not can kerlon Saul came to help me; then I said good sweet Hony Bears do not kill me, and yet the hard hearted Devils wurried me all to bits, and left not can morsel of me alive.

Sel. Is it possible Instinct should give Nature such hints of truths to come! 's death what weep you for?

Ma. To practise hypocrisie, I may have occasion for't: beside, it is a kind of complement to weep with them at parting.

Fi. Come, Sir, away with 'em, I fear they will work upon your good nature too, and then all our hopes are cut off.

Sel. Thou wert always my comforter, but now my counsellour: I'll see 'em aboard presently; come my dear Nieces, throw your idle dreams behind you; I send you to the splendid Court of *France*, where all good manners and civil breeding grow.

In. We have better manners bith half at *York*, that have we, and ope *York-shire* Jig's worth a thousand French Dances that is is.

Bel. Dear Uncle, let our sweet Cousins go with us, that they may have the same Education that is allotted for us.

Sel. Not for the world, the Town wou'd report I bred my Children at your charge, and to conclude I mean them part of your Fortune.

Sea. They consider nothing; come, Sir, the Tide serves, and we must.

In.

In. Now by my Saul that ill-look'd Beast frights me; ah thou's an ill-favoured grizely like Fellow that is ſa.

Sul. Not one word more I charge you of all hands, I'll ſee you ſafe aſhip-board, pray for you, and farewell.

In. Ene Gods Beniſon and mine be with you Couſins, my heart gives me Iſte be dead Couſin, and if I die waes me, we'ſt ne'er play at *Clapperdepouch* again.

Fi. Yes, yes, dear Couſin, fear nothing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord, Bowman, Laton, Aimwell, *and* Sir Hercules.

SCENE IV.

La. Sir *Hercules Buffoon,* no man more glad to ſee you; here is a moſt worthy and honourable Peer of the Realm deſires to know you.

Her. Not as a Lord, but as a man of parts I ſalute you.

La. My Lord has great parts and virtues, beſides a man of great wit.

Her. Wit, prethee my Lord let's hear a little of it.

Lo. When you give me occaſion for't you ſhall; i'th' interim aſſure your ſelf I have wit enough to honour and admire you.

Her. Prethee my Lord let's honour and admire one another till we find a reaſon for't.

Lo. If we ſtay till then, we ſhall admire one another long enough.

La. Here's another worthy perſon, his name is *Bowman,* Sir.

Her. Bowman, Bowman, by my life I honour and admire you to the Superlative degree; you muſt needs be a ſwinging Lyer.

Bo. Why ſo, Sir?

Her. Sir, I have a Hound of your name, as errand a Cur as e'er came in field; when my Dogs are hunting and at a fail, he is the firſt that opens, but the Devil a Hound i'th' Pack will believe him, for he ne'er ſpoke truth in's life. So, Sir, if you be a true *Bowman.*

Bo. I'm as errand a Cur as your Dog *Bowman.*

Her. Deſpiſe not my Dog, for ought you know you may be both of a Family.

Lo. This is an inſufferable Fool indeed.

Her. You'll not be angry I hope, a Hound is a Gentlemans Fellow in any ground in *England.*

Lo. In any hunting ground in *England* I grant you, but we are men of no Exceptions, nor you I hope.

Bo. Therefore good Sir *Hercules* let's have a ſwinging Lie now.

Her. You are a very idle Fool, Sir.

Bo. What mean you by that? I am no Fool, Sir.

Her. Then there's a Lie for you, and that's what you required.

Lo. 'Tis a kind of a witty Lie too.

Her. 'Tis ſo, my Lord, I have not ſpoke a word of truth to day; I ſaid

I honoured and admired thee, that's another Lie; for the Devil take me if I either honour or admire thee, indeed I see nothing in thee to admire.

Aim. O Sir, Mr. *Bowman* is a man of most accomplish'd parts.

Her. He's an ill-natur'd Fellow then, for he keeps 'em to himself. I believe his good parts and *terra incognita* will be found together.

Lo. This is great wit Knight, but very severe.

La. Come Sir *Hercules*, be good natured, and let's have a——

Her. Lie, I know your meaning, to tell you truth, Sir; this is none of my lying day.

Aim. No! hast thou in the whole course of thy life any intervals of truth?

Her. O Sir, I'm an old man, and must think o'th' other world; and therefore I'm allow'd but three days a week to lie.

Bo. Prethee Knight who allows thee?

Her. Our Parson; I was forced to give him a Bull Calf to allow me them, I'd been excommunicated else.

La. But prethee Knight, what doest thou do the other four days?

Bo. He looks like an Ass I believe when he speaks truth.

Her. 'y-faith so I do; it is very childish, and therefore I hate it: however of those days I'm very godly and go to Church.

Lo. How to Church man! dost thou think there's another world for thee?

Her. Yes faith do I, such a one as it is; but those days I go to Church, I would not speak a Lie for the worlds wealth.

Aim. That day thou goest to Church, I dare swear thou speakest truth.

[*Enter Esquire* Buffoon.

Sq. You say right, Gentlemen; I have been his Son these eighteen years, and he has ne'er been at Church since I was born.

Her. You impudent Son of a Whore you.

Lo. O fie Sir *Hercules*, who is this you call Son of a Whore?

Her. My own Son of a Whore, whose shou'd he be?

La. Nay, if he be the Son of a Whore, he ought to be thine.

Sq. Gentlemen, I'm not ashamed to own it, I am my Fathers own Son of a Whore upon my credit.

Lo. *Bowman*, the Son is a finer Fool than the Father.

Sq. Yet my Mother's virtuous enough, if it were not for——

Aim. What, what, prethee out with it.

Sq. O Sir, she will lie most shamefully; that is, she wou'd lie as a man wou'd have her.

Her. By my life the Boy's i'th' right, my Wife will lie with any man in *England*.

Bo. Do you own her to be so common, Sir?

Her. No, I mean she will tell a lie with any man in *England*; why, the Devil won'd not lie with her carnally, for she's as ugly as she's old: a man with all his neighing youth about him, wou'd not touch her with a Pair of Tongs.

Sq. She has not had a tooth in her head these thirty years, nor capable of man these forty.

Her.

Her. The Boy's i'th' right, the jade's as lean as a Duke Olive, and as dry as a Mummy, a Skeliton fit only to read Lectures on.

Bo. But Squire, if your Mother has not been capable of Man these forty years, how came you to be but eighteen?

Sq. I am none of her Son, Man; I'm but a By-blow my Father got of a Cinder-woman one night a Serenading; so that you cannot properly call me the Son of a Whore, but the Son of a Serenade.

Aim. Hark you Sir, are not you a damn'd eternal lying Rascal?

Her. I by my life is he, but I cannot be angry he lies so impudently.

Sq. O dear Sir, now you compliment: I assure you Gentlemen, my Father is the Cock Lier of all *Norfolk*.

Her. My Son 'y faith; besides he is full of invention, and for that cause I mean to bind him Prentice to a Poet.

Omnes. Prentice to a Poet, this is more than ridiculous.

Her. Yes, and my reason is, if he shou'd prove dull, as 'tis many a Poets case, yet they cannot deny him to be a Poet, because he has served his time for't: besides, as he is a Poet he sees Plays for nothing, and that's considerable.

Bo. And must he needs be a Poet when he has served his time? Faith bind him Prentice to a Lord, by the same rule he'll be a Lord when he's out of his time.

Her. Now you joke: Yes indeed must he, but really do you know ever a Poet that wants a Prentice?

Lo. Pray you Gentlemen manage these Fools; 'twill be worth while.

Aim. Sir, I know a rare Poet, but he'll have two hundred pounds with a Prentice.

Her. I stand not upon that; but I'm for one of the princest of 'em, one of those that swinges the Gods about.

Sq. No Father, I had rather be Prentice to a Comick Poet, that's witty company; some of your Heroick Poets they say write rarely well, yet are the heaviest, dull, insipid Animals over a Glass of Wine in nature.

Her. I, and some of 'em will fetch and steal out o'th' old Plays, and cry down the Authors when they're done.

Sq. They have no more invention than there is in the head of a souc'd Makeril: now they're turned Coblers, they vamp and mend old Plays.

Her. Or rather turned Tinkers, who stop one hole and make ten; so they mend one fault, and make twenty.

Sq. But Gentlemen, am I to serve a seven years Prentiship.

Aim. No Sir, but five. 'Tis with a Poet as with a red or fallow Deer; the fifth year he is a Stag or Buck o'th' first head; so he that writes.

Sq A pretty kind of Similitude! And pray you Sir, do the Poets shed their heads yearly as the Deer do?

Lo. No Sir, in that they differ, else they come the nearest of all creatures; for every year they commence, and have new Titles: as for example, a Stag the first year he's a Calf, the second a Brocket, the third a Brock, the fourth a Staggard, and the fifth year a Stag o'th' first head.

Bo.

Bo. So he that means to be a Poet the firſt year he's an Aſs, the ſecond a Fop, the third a Witlin, the fourth a Wit, and the fifth year a Poet o'th' firſt head.

Her. Aha Sirrah, here's Learning in this, 'tis ingenious and admirable.

Sq. But Sir, have not your Wits their degrees too?

Bo. O yes, there are your firſt, ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth rate Wits too.

Lo. I and your firſt, ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth rate Fools too.

Sq. That we have i'th' Country: but why ſhou'd a Poet be an Aſs the firſt year?

Lo. A Poet is not an Aſs, he is five years advanced above it; yet let any man that has writ five years, look back into what he writ the firſt year, and he will find himſelf an Aſs I warrant you.

Sq. I believe I ſhou'd make a good Fop, but I am poſitive I ſhall never make an Aſs as long as I live.

Bo. Never deſpair, I'll help you to an hundred Gentlemen ſhall make an Aſs of you preſently.

Sq. I ſhall be extremely beholding to you, for the Devil take me if I know which way to go about it my ſelf.

Aim. Sir, your Father muſt requite this courteſie.

Sq. Command him any thing but his new Play, he is mighty choice of that.

Her. I confeſs I am a little fond of my Play.

Lo. That's more than any man elſe can be I doubt.

Aim. Why is't not play'd? 'twas made in *Norfolk* I doubt.

Her. So all you Fops cry indeed, but your Cock Wits and your Cock Poets cry it up to the Skies, it is ſo laſhing a Satyr againſt the whole Nation, I ſhou'd a been hang'd had it been plaid.

Bo. 'Tis a thouſand pities 'twas not plaid then. But I am told 'tis a damn'd Play, worſe than ever Mr. *Bayes* writ in all his whole Cart Load.

Her. Sir, I had as live you would ſtab me to the heart, as ſpeak ill of my Play.

Aim. But Knight, I hope you remember your promiſe to me.

Her. Upon my life thou ſhalt have one of the rich Heireſſes: the Guardian and I are the intimateſt Friends i'th' world. And ſo Gentlemen, let's go bind my Son Prentice to this famous Poet.

Bo. Agreed, agreed, and there ſhall he be ſufficiently abuſed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Marmaduke *and* Mariana.

SCENE V.

Sel. We are happy, *Mariana*: I ſaw my Nieces under ſail below the *Hope*, with a fair wind to blow 'em to deſtruction. We are happy in thy Siſter too, for never was ſo ingenious a Mimick; ſhe imitates her Northern

Couſin, no Player ever acted like her. And the neceſſity of it is great, for there is ſuch notice taken of her *Yorkſhire* ſpeech, that ſhou'd her tongue be miſſing, we were all in queſtion.

Ma. She does it ſo well, that ſhe puts me but too much in mind of my poor little Couſin.

Sel. Death do you repent! Value thy ſelf upon thy Fortune, be proud, Mankind ſhall pay thee homage, as if it were thy due and their duty. My heart is ſet upon the higheſt pinacle of pride, not for my ſelf, I am proud for thee my Jewel; and had I power, I wou'd make the whole body of the earth bow to thee, though it dropt out o'th' frame, and daſht it ſelf into eternal atoms: yet am I pleas'd to match thee to the great, the virtuous, and the valiant Lord *Arminger*.

Ma. The noble character that you ſo oft have given him, has made an impreſſion here ſo deep, that before I ſee I love; report has conquer'd e'er the ſiege is laid.

Sel. Thoſe bleſſed words create me a new man, young and vigorous: the courſe of Nature, joyn'd with envious Age, cannot prevent the ſprightly youth I now feel growing in me [*Enter Servant.*

Ser. Sir, Alderman *Buffoon* is come to ſee you.

Sel. Alderman *Buffoon* doſt thou call him? prethee good Foolane tell Alderman *Buffoon* that he may come in. 'Tis Alderman *Buffoon* I know him, a vaſt rich Citizen; go you in *Mariana*, no more my Daughter but my Niece.

Ma. I underſtand you, Sir. [*Exit Mariana, Enter Alderman.*

Ald. Sir *Marmaduke*! I come to congratulate your good fortune.

Sel. Good fortune, in what Sir?

Ald. In being ſole Guardian to your Brothers Daughters.

Sel. Where lies the good fortune of that?

Ald. O Sir, it gains you eſteem in the world; beſides, good advantage may be made on't.

Sel. Advantage, what do you take me for a Knave?

Ald. Fie no, and yet I think you are no Fool.

Sel. All the Town knows their Fortune, what advantage then can I make, unleſs I wickedly betray my truſt?

Ald. Said like a worthy Gentleman, I know your Principles are honourable, your Spirit high, but your Fortune is low, conſider that.

Sel. Pray you come to your meaning, Sir.

Ald. An honeſt advantage may be made, and I come to offer it.

Sel. I wou'd have you know, were there no other but the common thing called Honeſty, that wou'd guard me from corruption. But here's a ſtronger tie, a Tender Conſcience; alas Doomſday is ever in my thoughts, and I dare not hear you.

Ald. I wonder your High Spirit and a Tender Conſcience ſhou'd agree ſo well: 'tis ſtrange too, that having been ſo laviſh as to ſpend your great Eſtate, you ſhou'd now be ſo good a Husband as to lay up for Doomſday, a thing ſo far off.

Sel. Death Sir, do you come to affront me?

Ald.

Ald. No, I ſay again an honeſt advantage may be made, if there were twenty Doomſdays. Will ten thouſand pounds damn you, ask any mans opinion: put caſe it wou'd, I know twenty Citizens with tender conſciences, that make long prayers too, and yet wou'd run the riſque of Doomſday for ten thouſand pound.

Sel. O moſt fearful, I hope you've better thoughts of me: alas, I have a Grave to think on, and in my Chamber ſtands my Coffin with my Fathers skull upon't, and when I awake they are the firſt objects that my eyes encounter; and can you ever hope to corrupt me then?

Ald. I never knew a tender conſcience afraid of an honeſt motion before: ſince you're turn'd a ſimple Preciſian farwell, Sir.

Sel. Nay pray ſtay, an honeſt motion may be heard at laſt.

Ald. Well ſaid, than thus it is: I have a Nephew that I'll make my Heir, and if you'll match your Northern Niece to him, I'll ſettle five thouſand pounds a year on him, and at my death the reſt: and I'll give you ten thouſand pounds for your conſent; you know I can make this good.

Sel. Where's your Nephew? fetch him preſently; but I will take no money.

Ald. Well, well, who is your Goldſmith?

Sel. I have no Goldſmith, nor will I take money, 'tis vitious Bribery: yet now you talk of a Goldſmith, Mr. *Caſh* is as juſt a man as can be dealt with.

Ald. 'Tis enough, I underſtand you.

Sel. You muſt not underſtand me ſo indeed, Sir.

Ald. Away, away, you're too modeſt, too honeſt to live among men: I'll do it, and bring my Nephew preſently. [*Exit Alderman.*

Sel. Ha, ha, I laugh to think how this Fellow will report my tender conſcience to the Citizens: well, if this Fool will fall into a Trap that never was laid for him, then 'tis not I but Fate deſtroys him.

THIRD ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Lord, Bowman, Aimwell, *Poet, Servants, and Bottles.*

Lo. GEntlemen, pray ye ſalute my Friend *Overwiſe:* he has undertaken to be the Poet to whom the Squire is bound Prentice.

Omnes. Your humble Servant, Mr. *Overwiſe.*

Over. Gentle Worthies, I am your contracted and betroth'd Friend.

Lo. Can there be a finer phras'd Fool than this?

Bo. No certainly, he is our contracted and betroth'd Fool.

Over. My Lord: no, the word Lord is too common, it taſtes of Vulgerality.

Aim. Gods ſo, there's a fine word Vulgerality is your own coyning, Sir.

Over. Stamp'd in my own Mint, Sir. I hope ſo to refine the Engliſh Tongue, that the Dukes and Peers of *France* will come over hither to learn the Language.

Aim. That's a great project, do you hope to ſee it in your own life time?

Over. No queſtion, Sir: do you hope to ſee *Pauls* built?

Aim. Yes without doubt.

Over. At the ſame time I expect the Peers of *France* to learn the Engliſh Tongue.

Lo. But Mr. *Overwiſe*, prethee what are thoſe Squirts and Bottles for?

Over. They are proper inſtruments to initiate an Aſs withall: you muſt ſecond me, as I have order'd the ceremony; he will really be very much abuſed.

Bo. Abuſed! hang him, to murder him requires no more compaſſion than drowning of a Kitlin. [*Enter Hercules and Squire.*

Her. Save you my Lord, ſave ye Gentlemen; you honour me to come to this ceremony, which is my Sons Maſter, Sirs?

Bo. This is the worthy perſon your Son is bound Prentice to.

Her. Are you a Poet, worthy Sir?

Lo. Yes Sir, he is one of thoſe that ſwinges the Gods about.

Over. I am by my profeſſion a poor Poet, Sir.

Her. That's no wonder, for I never heard of a rich one in my life.

Over. O Sir, Poets like Philoſophers deſpiſe wealth: the fame of worthy Wit is all we aim at.

Her. You may aim, but ne'er hit the mark I doubt: however 'tis an honourable ambition. Well, what is he to be the firſt year?

Over. The firſt year he takes his degree of Aſs?

Her. O 'tis true, you told me of a ceremony to enter or initiate him into the Order of Aſshood.

Lo. I have heard of Manhood but never of Aſshood before.

Over. Sir, the ceremony is great: the rule was among the ancient Poets, when a man took his degree, to bath in the Liquor of the Gods; but we modern Wits ſteep our Brains altogether in *Burgundy* and *Pontack*, and we find it does the buſineſs every whit as well.

Her. But how do you know that?

Over. By comparing the ancient and modern Wits together. Come Sir, you muſt ſtrip to your Shirt, get the Bottles and Glaſſes.

Bo. The ceremony to a ſtranger will ſeem to be a groſs abuſe, however I aſſure you it is no more than what all men undergo that are bound Prentice to Poets.

Omnes. That we all upon our Honours do aſſure you.

Sq. Nay then I will undergo it whatſoever it be.

Her. We can ſuffer as much abuſe as any Family in *England* upon the ſcore of Poetry.

Over.

Over. Come kneel down, Sir: now fill every Gentleman a Bumper of Claret. You muſt know for ſix moneths together he muſt ſwallow daily two Verſes, and by old cuſtom he muſt begin with *Chaucer*, and ſo go through all the Engliſh Poets, till he come to modern Mr. *Bayes*. The ceremony is an ancient Copy of Verſes, taken out of the Records of *Parnaſſus*.

Her. Is it poſſible! Pray, Sir, oblige me with a Copy of Verſes out of the Records of *Parnaſſus*: what work ſhall we make i'th' Countrey with 'em, Boy?

Sq. I, Father.

Over. Are you all ready? kneel down, Sir.

Her. He will hurt his knees, pray ye let him have a Cuſhion.

Lo. By no means, 'tis abſolutely againſt the Record of *Parnaſſus*.

Sq. Then hang Knees, Father.

Her. 's heart! what a deal adoo is here about making one an Aſs!

Over. Silence: ſtand all ready charged.

Thy dull and ſtupid Blockhead muſt be waſht, } *Throw the wine*
And in thy Face Bumpers of Claret daſht. } *in his Face.*
Pour on his head the beſt Canary Sack,
And down his throat Burgundy and Pontack. [*Pour wine.*
Waſh all his Body with the choiceſt Wine,
That grows upon the fruitful River Rhine.
Leave not one dry thread upon his Shirt, } *They ſquirt him*
And do't with each of ye a luſty Squirt. } *all over.*

Her. Hold, 's heart hold! I think you mean to make an Aſs of my Son indeed.

Aim. Who the Devil doubts it?

Bo. Why Sir, you know he is to be made Poetically an Aſs.

Her. 'Tis true, but yet 'twou'd ſtir a mans bloud to ſee ones Child uſed at this Roguiſh rate.

Lo. Sir, by the Rules of *Parnaſſus* he ought to take his degrees upon the Rack.

Her. 's heart I'll have no Child of mine put upon the Rack, my Lord.

Bo. 'Tis not intended, that Act was aboliſhed by reaſon of the torment.

Sq. Nay I'll endure any torment, rather than not be a complete Aſs.

Her. I cou'd find in my heart the Devil take me to ſtep to *Parnaſſus*, and ſee whether it be ſo or no.

Lo. You will not loſe your labour; for really I have been there and read the Record.

Sq. Pox of your Records, my Knees ake damnably: do they uſe to have Agues in *Parnaſſus*? my teeth chatter in my head, I am ſo wet and ſo cold.

Over. Come we will make an end; Silence.

Here I produce a rare and precious Pill,
Made by the Doctors of Parnaſſus *bill:*
The virtue is, it will thy Brain inſpire
With the quick flames of brisk Poetick Fire:

Ha-

Having in it the refin'd Quinteſcence
Of Wit, true Wiſdom, and well-worded Senſe:
It being wrapt up in two lines of Chaucer,
You muſt with reverence ſwallow it down your Maw, Sir.

Her. Silence: come let's make an end.

In's Face let each man throw a full Beer Glaſs: { *Full Glaſſes thrown*
That ceremony done, riſe up and paſs { *in's Face.*
For a well-grounded and ſufficient Aſs.

Sq. Do you call throwing of Beer Glaſſes in a mans face a Ceremony?

Over. In *Parnaſſus* we do: now, Sir, I'll juſtifie to the world you're an Aſs.

Lo. A pretty thing to brag of! Two ſuch Fools Nature ne'er produc'd.

Her. I declare I like the Pill wonderfully; I muſt have one of 'em.

Sq. For all this I cannot fancy my ſelf to be an Aſs yet.

Lo. O yes, the very firſt minute you parted with your money, you were an Aſs I aſſure you.

Sq. How, you mean I was an Aſs for parting with my money, my Lord.

Lo. I mean fairly by the Rules of Poetry.

Her. Then you're an Aſs upon Record, Sirrah: now you're a Prentice your Hat muſt not be on before your Maſter.

Lo. That's your miſtake, an Aſs puts off his Hat to no man, but is void of all manners: his talent is to be bold, rude, and ſaucy, without regard to Quality, or any diſtinction of perſons.

Her. If thoſe Qualifications will do, I'll warrant him a ſufficient Aſs.

Bo. And now you are ſo, Squire, you muſt always have a Cane, but not in your hand, 'tis to be worn ever under your arm, that when you turn about, you may take the next man a ſlap over the Face.

Sq. Adad that's pretty; look to your chops, Father. But, Sir, are them Aſſes that wear their Canes ſo?

Aim. They are ſhrewdly to be ſuſpected.

Sq. I am an apt Scholar, I do but what you teach me, ha!

Her. I am thinking, my Lord, what contemptible Titles a man muſt paſs over, before he attains to the honourable name of Poet, as Aſs, Fop, and Witlin.

Bo. Poet is an honourable title, it admits of no addition.

Sq. O Father, the fame of Poetry is above all mortal honour: Wealth and Greatneſs periſh, the man of Dignity dies; but Poets are eminently and prodigiouſly immortal.

Her. By my life the Boy ſpeaks rarely well already: if he talk thus wittily being an Aſs, how will he talk when he's a Poet?

Aim. Little better I aſſure thee.

Sq. Poets are eſteem'd above Princes; I have a reverend Author for it called *Taylor the Water-Poet*;

When Nature did intend ſome wond'rous thing,
She made a Poet, or at leaſt a King.

Ben. Johnſon wou'd a given a hundred pounds (if he had had it, that is) to a been Author of thoſe two lines.

Her.

Her. Did ever Boy ſpeak ſo rarely, Gentlemen! The Devil take me, I cou'd find in my heart to commence Aſs my ſelf.

Lo. Commence Changling, for thou wert born an Aſs.

Sq. Heark you Sir, now I'm entered I may cenſure Plays may I not?

Lo. Yes, yes, to cenſure Plays and Women is natural to an Aſs.

[*Exit Squire.*

Over. Well my Earl, I value my ſelf much upon this Frolick.

Lo. So thou mayeſt.

Aim. Sir *Hercules*, 'tis time to remember your promiſe, and to preſent me to the Guardian: if thy Intereſt get me one of the Heireſſes, here's my hand I'll not murder thee.

Her. 'Tis enough, I'm ſo intimate with the Guardian, I'm certain he'll deny me nothing. [*Enter Footman.*

Foot. My Lord, here's a Letter from Sir *Marmaduke Seldin.*

Lo. 'ods ſo, the Guardian to the Heireſſes! Gentlemen, I muſt take leave, and for a while grow ſerious.

Her. My Lord I thank you for this Honour: *Bowman*, prethee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Marmaduke *and* Mariana *at one door, French Woman at another.*

SCENE II.

Wo. O Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sel. What is the matter that you ſtare ſo?

Wo. Sir, my Country North Lady will no learn French of me: me muſt learn Yorkſhire of her, or ſhe will beat my Brain.

Sel. That is juſt her humorous little Couſin, 'tis happy that ſhe mimicks her ſo well, that preſerves us from ſuſpicion. [*Enter Taylor.*

Tay. O Sir, what ſall me do! me have brought my Yorkſhire Madam two new Gown home, and begar ſhe have cut off all her long Train to de very Calf of her Leg. [*Enter Fidelia.*

Sel. Here ſhe comes: Fie, fie, Niece, I muſt chide you, Niece; they ſay you've cut the Train of your Gowns, and quite ſpoil'd 'em, Niece.

Fi. Nay Hony Nuncle they,re ne'er the war for me; why lack a day they come down to the varra heels of me yet, my Barn.

Ma. Nay Siſter, you muſt be ruled, and wear your Clothes faſhionably as I do.

Fi. Now oot upon thee Siſter, yee wad have me wear a lang tale behind me, as my Naunts brown Cow does at hame.

Ma. They are not Tails but Trains, Siſter; great perſons wear them as Ornaments of State, as an honourable diſtinction from thoſe of lower quality.

Fi. By my trooth but I'a teld that naughty Sluts wear 'em as well as your great Counteſſes.

Sel.

Sel. I but Niece, Persons of Quality have Pages, Boys a purpose to hold up their Trains.

Fi. Have they Boys to hold up their Tails behind? do not the unlucky Lads peep in 'em some time?

Sel. Fie Niece, what have you said? those are paw words indeed.

Fi. Why Nuncle, did I say bawdiness now?

Sel. No not down right, but very near it I assure you.

Fi. Nay by my Saul Sister, gin my Naunt at *York* shou'd but knaw that I said bawdiness, marra see'd shatter my brains oot, faith wad she.

Sel. Come sweet Niece be ruled, and let the French People dress you, and make a fine Lady of you.

Fi. Wad my French Taylor were hang'd, he stinks of wine as sowre as a Swine-trough; beside he is varra sawcy with ma Nuncle.

Sel. Sawcy, how sawcy was he?

Fi. O my Saul Nuncle, gin I'd let him alane, he had taken measure o'th' inside of me as well as o'th' out.

Sel. You damn'd Villain, ha! I never heard of such a Rogue. { *Draws, the man runs out.*

Fi. Nuncle, I'd have my Naunts Taylor, *Billy Barton* of *York*, make my Gowns for me.

Sel. Prethee who is *Billy Barton* of *York?*

Fi. Marra he's the delicatest Taylor in all *England*, he makes my Lord Maior of *York*'s Gowns, and Lady Mairises tee.

[*Enter Alderman and Squire.*

Ald. Come Sir, I mean to marry you to the Northern Heiress. Sir, I have brought my Nephew and my Heir.

Sel. He is welcom, pray you Sir salute my Nieces. I shou'd scorn to have this *Buffoon* come into the presence of my Children, but for the conveniency of destroying him.

Ald. Here's a Bill upon Alderman *Marrow* for ten thousand pound.

Sel. I'll not take it indeed Sir.

Ald. Come, come, you must and shall have it.

Sel. I'll not touch it truly, give it my eldest Niece if you please to buy her Pins. A proud man may let his Daughter stoop to ten thousand pound. [*A kiss.*

Ald. Fair Lady, here's a Paper of Pins will last you and your Heirs for ever. Sir, I have brought the Deeds of my Estate to peruse and to keep, till our Counsel settle things of all hands.

Sel. 'Tis enough, let us in and view the Writings.

Sq. Sir, I swear by *Parnassus*, you have got the most Superlative Paragon of the North; I am struck with an Amour as suddenly as he that fell in love while he pull'd on his Boots.

Ald. Sir, you have taken Sir *Marmaduke* over the Face with your Cane.

Sq. The mode must crave your pardon, not I: the whole Congregation of Gallants use it as a Novel lately come from *France*.

Sel. A most Superlative Fool! this is one of Nature's bold strokes, Niece;

you

you ſee a Monſter there almoſt in the ſhape of a Man: uſe him accordingly. [*Exeunt Sir Marmaduke and Alderman.*

Fi. I underſtand you, Sir; let me alone to abuſe him, Sir. Is thou to be my Husband, ſweet Honey Bearn?

Sq. Honey! what a loving Fool it is, ſhe calls me Honey at firſt ſight?

Fi. Now I prethee Honey help me to curſe my French Woman.

Sq. I with all my heart Honey, A pox upon her, and confound her, where is ſhe?

Fi. Honey thou mun let me bang thee ſome time, then thou't be my good Lad.

Sq. I with all my heart, bang all the Honey out of the Hive of *Parnaſſus*.

Fi. Stand fair then Honey, there's for thee now. [*Box o'th' ear.*

Sq. The Devil you ſtrike too hard, Honey.

Fi. Hang thee thou mun not frown, thou mun ſmile ſweetly on me when I box thee, now thou's my Defty: and wilt thou play finely with me, and not hurt me? [*Box o'th' ear, he ſmiles.*

Sq. Play finely with me and not hurt me! 's heart, I have got a little Whore I think.

Fi. Now my Barn thou mun take at, *Come mother, ſaw you my cock to day?*

Sq. *Come mother, ſaw you my cock to day?* 's heart, 'tis a Whore of a certain.

Fi. Thou mun play at *Rampſcuttle* and *Clapperdepouch* with me, my Honey.

Sq. *Clapperdepouch*! Devil what a ſtrange kind of a Wife ſhall I have? Come then ſhew me your *Rampſcuttle*.

Fi. Thou mun firſt put on a Petticoat: my French Woman ſhall make a Lad-Laſs of thee. [*Puts on a Petticoat.*

Sq. Any thing to pleaſe you, Madam.

Fi. Then thou's my pretty French Woman, and I'll give thee a Honey Sugar Kiſs.

Sq. I'll do her the honour to give her a Honey Sugar Kiſs too.

Ma. A great honour indeed, what an abſolute Fool is this!

Fi. Come Honey learn *Rampſcuttle*, begin thus. [*Dance.*

Sq. With all my heart; 's life what a mad couple ſhall we make!

Fi. That's my Fool, wilt thou be my Fool, Honey? } *She turns round*

Sq. I'll be thy Fool, nay I'll be thy Cuckold, Honey. } *and claps down,*

Fi. Wilt thou? 'y faith and we have mad Lads, we } *then he.*

make ſwinging Cuckolds in *York ſhire*.

Sq. That's nothing to be a Cuckold, Madam; my Father and Mother are Cuckolds, we can prove our Geonoligy to be Cuckolds from the very Loyns of King *Pippin*.

Fi. Whaw, whaw, marra the Devil take thee and thy King *Pippin* to boot. Now play at *Clapperdepouch*, my Honey Bearn; *Clapperd pouch, Clapperdepouch, Clapperde, Clapperde, Clapperdepouch*

Sq. This is the fineſt Wife for my turn that ever Mortal light on! O Devil you have bear out my teeth, Honey.

Fi. The fashion mun crave thy pardon Honey, not I; besides all the teeth of thy Genealogy have been beaten out up to King *Pippin*, what thy name Honey? [*She turns, and hits him on the Face with his Cane.*

Sq. I am proud of my name, I was Christen'd *Squire Buffoon.*

Fi. By my Saul *Buffoon* is worse name than King *Pippin.*

Sq. Honey we are the ancientest Family of the Nation; our Mansion House is called *Buffoon*, and our Coat is Three *Buffoons.*

Fi. Methinks you shou'd give three *Pippins* too, and that wou'd shew your Descent plainly from King *Pippin.*

Sq. If the Heralds are to be bribed, I'll have 'em. Come Honey, shall we go behind the door, and play finely together, and get one another with child of two young *Pippins?*

Fi. Marra out upon the Grisely Beast, wie wad ta make a Slut of me, and have me play at Bawdiness with thee; Help, help, help.

[*Enter Alderman and Sir Edarmadoke.*

Ald. How now, what's the matter?

Fi. Marra he's e'en a foul Beast, that is a Nuncle; he wad have me go into the dark, and do naughtiness with him.

Sq. She ask'd me to play finely with her, and not hurt her; then what cou'd I say less?

Sel. This Rogue was compos'd of a courser stuff than the common Creation, of unrefined Clay, such as Bearwards and Tinkers were made up of. You are content, Sir, to settle all intirely upon my Niece and her Heirs.

Ald. Most freely, upon this Match I'll make my Nephew a Lord.

Sel. There are so many *Buffoons* stolen into Titles, that men wou'd judge they came not lawfully by them. Come Sir, let us go settle this Estate.

Sq. Why Honey, shall we not have one tryal of skill for a young *Pippin?* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Hercules, Laton, Bowman, *Squire, and Clerk.*

SCENE III.

Lo. Sir, be sure you make my peace, or all the World shall not save your throat. I will be at the door and hear all you say, Sir. [*Exit Laton.*

Bo. If thou get'st off o' this Knight, I'll prefer thee to the first Form of Wits, and that's very honourable I'll assure you.

Her. I had rather be an honourable fortunate Wit, than a first rate Alderman. [*Enter Judge.*

Bo. Thou art bravely disguis'd, have a good heart, here's the Judge.

Jud. Save ye Gentlemen, are you Sir *Thomas Lovill*, Sir?

Her. I am Knight and Baronet, if you please my Lord.

Jud. Then Sir, if you please your business.

Her. Second me Sirs: I come to inform your Lordship of the most noto-

rious

rious Villain that ever wore the figure of a Man, one Sir *Hercules Buffoon*. The Law no doubt will give your Lordship damage enough, for the scandalous things he has said of you.

Jud. Of me, Sir? Scandalous things of me, pray you the words.

Bo. What the Devil does your Father mean bro, to be hanged?

Sq. For a good Lie he'll venture that at any time.

Her. He said your Lordship loved a Bribe above your Allegeance, and that you have unjustly given away an Estate for a Bribe of fifteen hundred Guineys.

Jud. That's Action enough, down with those Guineys, what a Villain 'tis!

Sq. I, you'd say so if you knew the Rogue as well as we do, my Lord.

Her. You Dog, I do not allow you to abuse me thus.

Jud. But Gentlemen, have you witness of this?

Her. Enough my Lord, my self and two Gentlemen more: not these, they can witness another thing. One *Laton* hearing how *Buffoon* had abused your Lordship, comes to him, and had down right killed him, but for these two Gentlemen.

Sq. 'Tis very true my Lord, I got a broken head with parting 'em, and this Gentleman was run through the arm.

Bo. A pox on him I must own it now, he tells you true, my Lord.

Jud. Pray you what *Laton* is it that has fought for me thus?

Her. One *Robin Laton* my Lord: *Buffoon's* a valian Fellow, and yet this *Laton* has cudgell'd and beaten him to Stock-fish, my Lord.

Jud. That *Robin Laton* is my Kinsman; I turn'd him out of doors, 'tis much then he shou'd fight for me.

Her. Your Kinsman my Lord, he might be your Son by his desperate fighting for you.

Jud. Say you so? if this be true, Gentlemen, I'll make him happy.

Bo. We can all witness it, my Lord: to say truth, Sir *Hercules* is a most pernicious mischievous Rascal.

Sq. A notorious Villain, my Lord: there has not been a Rogue hanged these seven years, that has deserved it so much as he has done.

Her. You Dog, remember this I'll maul you for't.

Jud. Well, I'll trounce the Rogue I warrant you: has he an Estate to make good the damages the Law will give me?

Sq. Enough, enough, my Lord; hang him a damn'd rich Hell-hound!

Her. Zounds was ever man thus abus'd, *Bowman*? Nay, he said your Lordship was a most Gigantick Whoremaster, and that you have nine Bawds lie leiger in the Country to send up fresh Virgins to you.

Jud. Pox on him you'd he cou'd make his words good: I'll fire the Knave, how shall we do to take him?

Her. If your Lordship will grant me your Warrant, I'll bring him before your Honour to morrow morning.

Jud. Clerk, write a Warrant presently, I'll not leave him worth a Groat, he shall rot in Jayl.

Her. To see that Rogue a Beggar, wou'd make me pray for your Lordship all the days of my Life: the Knave called me Cuckold my Lord too.

Sq. Faith Sir, no Child can say absolutely who was his Father; Wives will have their fancies, and why not yours?

Her. You abominable Rogue! My Lord, have not you an Office in your gift?

Jud. Yes I have Sir.

Bo. I'll tell you my Lord, this *Buffoon*, after Mr. *Laton* had beaten him, promised to get this Office of your Lordship for Mr. *Laton*, pretending that he had you at such a hank you durst not deny him.

Jud. I never saw the Villain in my life.

Bo. Nay my Lord, the next day he told your Nephew he had got the Office for him, and made him go presently to give your Lordship thanks for it.

Her. And the base Fellow, they say, was never with your Lordship.

Jud. No indeed Sir, and that made me angry with my Nephew to give me thanks for that I never gave him; the man meant mischief.

Her. Was ever such a shameless Fellow, my Lord? By my troth give your Kinsman the Office, and I'll give your Lordship two Brace of fat Deer every season, as long as you live my Lord.

Jud. Give it me under Hand and Seal, that I may demand them as my due, and I'll do it.

Her. With all my heart, my Lord.

Jud. Out of what Park, for the place must be expresst in the Writing.

Her. Zounds I've ne'er a Park, what shall I do? Out *Whetstones Park* in the County of *Middlesex*, my Lord.

Jud. *Whetstone*, there is a place call'd *Whetstone* by *Barnet*, but I never heard of a Park there.

Her. That's not the place; *Whetstones Park* is as well known as *London*, I wou'd it were an hundred miles off on't; I am so plagued with Citizens, that I cannot have a Deer that's mans meat, but they steal it out of my Park, my Lord.

Clerk. Here is the Warrant against Sir *Hercules Buffoon*.

Jud. I'll sign it. Clerk, draw an Indenture for two Brace of Deer yearly out of *Whetstones Park* in the County of *Middlesex*, upon forfeiture of five hundred pounds, from Sir *Thomas Lovill*.

Bo. Here I shall burst out a laughing, I cannot hold. [*Enter Laton.*

La. My Lord, here's one to summon all the Judges to Court.

Jud. 'ods so I must away then: Sir, I forgive you for defending my Reputation so well, I give you the Office, and all my Estate after my death. Nephew, see Sir *Thomas Lovill* sign the Obligation for two Brace of Deer yearly out of *Whetstones Park* in *Middlesex*: and, Sir, I hope you will apprehend that Rascal *Buffoon* for me. [*Exit Judge.*

Her. I'll have him as sure as the day comes, my Lord.

La. Dear Knight, thou art come off with honour, thou art my Golden Calf, and I'll worship thee.

Bo.

Bo. Never had man so much ado to forbear laughing, as I have had at this *Whetstones Park*.

Sq. I was fain to turn about and laugh.

Clerk. I had certainly laugh'd in the Judges Face, but for consideration of you, Sir.

La. Clerk, take heed you be very just.

Clerk. As your own heart 'y faith.

Bo. How thou wilt get clear of the Judge, when he comes to have his Deer out of *Whetstones Park* I know not.

Her. I have a harder task by half, I am to help *Aimwell* to one of the rich Heiresses; I have told him a damn'd Lie.

La. Like enough, prethee what is it?

Her. I told him the Guardian and I were intimate Friends, old Acquaintants and Schoolfellows; and the Devil take me if I ever saw him in my life, yet I am resolv'd to face him down that we are dear Friends and old Acquaintants, and that's as hard a task as ever impudence undertook.

Bo. Faith so 'tis, considering the great Spirit of the Guardian.

Her. I'll do it for all that.

Sq. Give me thy hand, Father, I commend thy impudence old ——

La. Bravely resolv'd, come I will first treat thee, then go with thee, and back thee manfully. [*Exeunt.*

FOURTH ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Lord Arminger, Guardian, Mariana, *Waiters.*

Lo. WAit in the next Room.

Sel. I am prouder to have the great Lord *Arminger* under this mean Roof, than haughty Princes are of Empire: and I bow with such reverence to your person, as holy men do to the holy Altar, and with the same humility offer my Oblation up; receive her as from Heaven, for she is fraught with virtue equal with the Angels.

Lo. Sir, I admire you with more than common wonder: Guardians usually make price of the innocent Orphans in their charge, but you are more than just, you are kind, and to that degree which Parents have for Children.

Sel. I shall betray my self with violent fondness, such torrents of love flow in me, that I think the World too little for her Dower.

Ma.

Ma. Indeed, my Lord, his tender care seems to have more of Father than Guardian in't, in which we hold our selves most highly blessed.

Sel. My good Lord, I leave you to make your Court, where doubtless you'll find your love most worthily and readily received. [*Exit Selvin.*

Lo. Madam, your Uncle spoke largly of your Virtues to me, but nothing of your Person; and now I see the cause, for 'tis impossible the capacity of Man shou'd reach the character of so much Beauty as I now behold, and all the rest must needs submit to crown you Goddess of your admired Sex.

Ma. My Lord, you answer not your character, you were rendered to me the onely Man of Honour, Truth, and Justice; and I hear nothing but airy Complement, fine Poetical Flattery, fit onely to catch Girls.

Lo. Madam, by my Honour, and that's my dearest treasure, I flatter not, but speak truth just as my heart conceives it: therefore I again declare, you are the onely Beauty that ever yet my eye encountered, and I find a dotage stealing on me more than common love.

Ma. Hold, my Lord, I command you, for sure she may command that is so much admired; therefore by that precious Gemm your Honour, are those sweet words you've spoken truth?

Lo. Madam, by all the bliss I hope for I have no falshood in me.

Ma. Then stop and go no further in your love I charge you, for I must never be your Wife.

Lo. How Madam! I came prepar'd by your Uncle this day to marry you.

Ma. O my Lord, that day is further off, than the unknown uncertain hour of Doom.

Lo. Madam, if there be cause for this your cruelty reveal it; and by the Original of all Honour here I swear, this Bosom is your Grave to bury all your Secrets.

Ma. I believe you, my Lord, with the same Faith I do Religion.

Lo. Madam, you have repriev'd my Life, by thinking me worthy of your thoughts, though unworthy of your love.

Ma. O my honoured Lord, it is my unworthiness, not yours, that must for ever keep this cruel distance.

Lo. What e'er the reason is, that cannot be it: say you're contracted unknown to your Uncle, say any cruel thing but that.

Ma. Then I declare, the noble character my Uncle gave me of your Lordship, sprung in me a true and perfect love, which made my desires so violent to see you, that since, my life till now was more uneasie than a sick mans restless night, and yet must never marry.

Lo. Never was man pleased and startled so at once! Infinitely pleased to hear you say you love, but strangly startled that you ne'er must marry: the thought frights me, the Ghosts of murder'd men make not guilty Slaves, as that resolve shakes me. I find Man is not fortified to bear the frights of love. I beseech you, Madam, if you have cause for this your resolution, give me some ease by imparting it.

Ma. It is so dreadful for a good man to hear; but if your Lordship will

ask

ask my Uncles leave to carry me and my Sister abroad, you shall soon know why you and I must never marry.

La. Your resolution has dispersed my spirits so, they are never more to be collected; all within me lies confused; a mad mad blood's in better temper, and I am all on fire till I am satisfied.

Mir. My Lord, I am destroyed if you reveal me.

Lo. You are more cruel in distrusting that, than in refusing me.

Ma. Your pardon, and henceforth my trust shall ever rest in you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Hercules, Bowman, Aimwell, Laton, Overwise,

SCENE II.

Aim. You have put me off from time to time, and I am resolved to be no longer fooled; therefore say your Interest you boast of with the Guardian, or ——

Her. Well Fool, doubt not me in the feast: this is the greatest strait I ever yet was put to, *Bowman*, for me to salute, and impudently embrace a man of his high spirit, and face him down that we are dear and intimate Friends, and yet never saw him, the Devil take me 'tis a damn'd audacious task.

Bo. However go forward, here's my hand thou shalt not suffer.

Her. Then dear Impudence stand my friend this one push, and I'll own thee for my Patron all my life.

La. Here comes the Guardian, bear up Knight!

Omnes. Your most humble Servant, Sir. [*Enter Seldin.*

Sel. Gentlemen, I am to crave your pardon, my Nieces are not this day to be seen; however the freedom of my house I tender you with all the respect imaginable.

Her. Sure Sir *Marmaduke* you will let your intimate Friend see your Nieces; dear Rogue, how dost thou do? Own me for your Friend and Schoolfellow, I will be thousands in your way. This worthy Gentleman, dear Friend, thou must know.

Sel. It will concern me more to know you, Sir; for in my life I never met such confidence.

Her. Why how now *Marmaduke*, has your Guardianship made you proud? have you forgot your self?

Sel. What the Devil means this Fellow? Gentlemen, who knows this Creature? or who brought him hither?

Aim. We all know him, and he brought us hither, pretending more Interest in you than all Mankind besides.

Sel. Upon my Honour, Gentlemen, I never saw the man before.

Her. Thou shameless Fellow, canst thou with so bold a face say, thou know'st me not? *Aim.*

Aim. You are found out 'y faith Knight.

Her. Hang him, he knows me better than he knows his House-keeper.

Sel. I am at a stand, and know not how in this case to behave my self.

Her. I commend thee, *Marmaduke*, for driving a Jest so far: the Devil take me, Gentlemen, if I thought it had been in him. I loved thee dearly before, but this jocose humour of thine makes me admire thee; dear Rogue, let me hug and kiss thee, sweet Boy.

Sel. Stand off, or as I am a Gentleman I'll strike you; which nothing cou'd make me do in my own house, but such an impudent provocation.

Her. Did you ever in your lives see a Jest so well managed, Gentlemen? he does it so rarely well, that I dare swear you all think him in earnest.

La. Yes in good faith do we.

Her. By my life so shou'd I, but that I have known him these fifty years.

Sel. Pray ye, Gentlemen, open the Scene, and discover what Buffoon this is.

Her. Buffoon, mark ye that, as if he did not know me, and yet name me: he'll carry it thus till I am angry with him.

Bo. Overwise is whispering of him, he'll trouble him worse than *Buffoon*. Sir, I am one that honour you, my name is *Overwise*; by that you may judge I am no Fool, Sir.

Sel. 's death, this is a worse Fop than the other.

La. But Knight, if Sir *Marmaduke* jokes, he does it rarely well.

Her. He is the Devil at joking: but that I wou'd not say it to disgrace him, he has been an old Player at *Black Friers*.

Sel. You eternal Dog, I'll cut your throat: Gentlemen, come ye to affront me?

Bo. Hold good Sir, we come upon no such unworthy design I assure you, Sir.

Over. Sir, read *Seneca*, and he will teach you patience.

Sel. Dam thee Fop, is patience to be exercised in thy company?

Her. But you Friend *Marmaduke*, now 'tis time to leave fooling, and to own me for your old Friend, as you have done these fifty years, or hang me if I do not declare you a proud foolish Fellow.

Sel. Gentlemen, I love wit and joking, no man more; therefore if this be a Court Fool, or a publick Buffoon, declare it, and he's welcom.

Her. Incomparable well, incomparable! does he not carry it rarely well, Gentlemen!

Aim. I know not what to think, are they acquainted or no for a wager?

Over. No more than thou art with a reverend Divine, or the Emperour of *Japan*.

Aim. Then is this Rogue *Buffoon* the Original of Impudence, and the rest of Mankind mere Copies. [*He whispers.*

Sel. 's death your whispering torments me more than his impudence: Gentlemen, pray ye let me know the name and quality of this confident person.

Her. Away, away Fools! 's heart he knows name and quality better than

he

he knows his Children. I'll ſhew you by an infallible token that I know him, for he has a Mole of his right Buttock as broad as both my hands.

Sel. By my life a Villain, and he lies, Gentlemen.

Her. Why ſhew the contrary, and that's demonſtration. Sure he will not let down his Breeches to diſprove me.

Sel. I know not whether to laugh or to be angry. Pray ye, Gentlemen, let me know his name.

Bo. Sir, his name is *Hercules Buffoon.*

Sel. O I have heard of him: Sir *Hercules*, I muſt be better known to you.

Her. A good jeſt, as if you and I need to be better known.

Sel. Nay Sir, I'll own any thing you ſay to keep up your humour.

Over. But one ear more with you, Sir; I'm one that love curioſities, have you really ſuch a Mole o' your Buttock?

Sel. I can be angry no longer: where the Devil were thou bred, that thou delightſt ſo in Lying?

Her. Now Sirs, I'll tell you how we two Arch Rogues robb'd my Mothers Orchard of all her Wall Fruit, her Peaches, Heart Cherries, and her great Dutch Strawberries.

La. Pray ye Sir, are Strawberries a Wall Fruit?

Her. You muſt know thoſe were *Greenland* Strawberries, and there they grow up to be vaſt great Trees, and are nailed againſt the walls as Vines are.

La. By reaſon of the great heat of the Climate, I ſuppoſe: becauſe *Greenland* you know lies under the Line.

Her. It does ſo; thou haſt travell'd or read Maps I find. But, Sir, to clear our ſelves of robbing the Orchard; we drew forty huge over grown Carps out of a Pond, each ſix foot long at leaſt.

Bo. How, Carps ſix foot long! that's two yards, Man.

Sel. But then you muſt conſider they were overgrown Carps.

Her. Right, a monſtrous overgrown Carp may be nine foot long. But, Sir, we put 'em in the Peach trees, then fetch'd my Mother to ſee 'em; and when we came back, the Carps were skipping from tree, eating the fruit as the Devil drove 'em: ſo my Mother wonder'd at it, and we were cleared of the Robbery, old Boy.

Aim. Now the Devil thy Tutor take thee; for every motion of thy tongue thou deſerveſt a whipping.

Her. This Fellow is an infatuated *Jew*, believes nothing, not ſo much as a *Greenland* Strawberry tree.

Aim. Did you never tell a Lie with Sir *John Mandevil* for a wager?

Her. Yes, and made an Aſs of him too. I'll tell you a thing that I am ſure this Fellow will give no credit to.

Aim. Now thou ſpeakſt truth I am ſure of it.

Her. Sir, I have been in a ſtrange Country, where all Creatures are prodigiouſly bigger than in other parts of the world, though of the ſame ſpecies: for example, I have ſeen a Bee as big as an Eagle.

Bo. Pray you how big were the Hives then?

Her. Full as big as *Weſtminſter-hall*, only they're round.

Over. A good *Simile*; for we have a ſort of Engliſh Vermin, that bring all the Honey of the Nation to that Hive indeed.

Her. I have ſeen a Cabage tree higher than the Monument upon *Fiſh-ſtreet-hill.*

Omnes. Thou Boy, thou Boy!

Her. You do not believe me then: the Devil take me if theſe homebred Fellows can be ſaved! they neither know nor believe half the Creation.

Aim. The Country thou ſpeakſt of is thy own creation.

Her. Marmaduke, upon my credit all their Main Maſts for their Capital Ships are made of Cabage ſtauks, and the Planks of the Ships are all Cabage leaves; and better Timber by half than your Engliſh Oke.

Bo. If the Planks of their Ships be Cabage leaves, prethee what are the Sails made of?

Her. Upon my life all their Sails are made of Spiders webs.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Her. You ignorant Fops what do you laugh at? a Spider's web there is ten times ſtronger than all the Canvas Sails in the world: and the Spiders are bigger than the Kings fine Cranes in the Park, but twenty times longer leg'd. The firſt time I ſaw them, they look'd like *Lincolnſhire men* walking i'th' Fens upon Stilts.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Aim. If every man here ſhou'd cut an inch of his tongue out, he wou'd have enough left I warrant ye to tell a Lie.

Over. Really if one inch were off, 'tis poſſible he might ſpeak truth; and if one inch will not do, my opinion is to cut it clear out.

Bo. Prethee Knight, what's the name of the Country where theſe wonders grow?

Her. 'Tis call'd, 'tis call'd *Terra Incognita*; all the Seamen i'th' world know it; ne'er a Skuller o'th' *Thames* but knows *Terra Incognita* Fool!

Bo. 'Tis as well known as the North East Paſſage to the *Indies*; the Seamen know it as well as they know the *Garden of Eden.*

Her. Why there's no queſtion i'th' world of it, Man.

Aim. If thou ſhou'dſt be condemned to ſpeak truth all thy life, what a caſe wert thou in!

Her. I'll hold thee five Guineys the next thing I ſpeak of ſhall be truth, and depoſit in Sir *Marmaduke*'s hand.

Aim. Done for five Guineys, there Sir.

Her. And there Sir. You know I told ye Gentlemen, that the Guardian and I were old Acquaintants and intimate Friends, and may I periſh if ever I ſaw him in my life before this hour; ſpeak truth now, Guardian.

Sel. The man ſpeaks truth now upon my honour, Gentlemen.

Her. Then I have won. Now I'll hold thee five Guineys more that I ne'er ſpeak truth again as long as I live.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Enter Servant.*

Ser. My Lord *Arminger* is come, and deſires to ſee you.

Sel. Gentlemen, I muſt crave your pardon, great buſineſs calls me from ye,

ye, but I desire ye to take the freedom of my house.

[*Exit Selkin, and Enter Alderman and Squire.*

Her. Uncle, what makes you here?

Ald. I have match'd our Squire to the Northern Heiress, and settled all my Estate upon the Lady.

Bo. Sir, your Nephew cannot marry till he is out of his time, for he is Prentice to a Poet.

Ald. How, Prentice to a Poet!

Sq. Yes, and a greater honour than to be a Lord: Uncle, you wou'd say so if you knew the Records of *Parnassus*; I have taken the degree of Ass already.

Ald. Ass! Poets are the wittiest men of our Nation, then what relation can an Ass have to a Poet, Blockhead?

Sq. O Uncle, you wou'd a blest your self to a seen me pass the grand Ceremony of an Ass: First, I kneel'd in my Shirt, then all these Gentlemen (according to the Rules of *Parnassus*) threw a hundred Bumpers of Claret in my face.

Ald. Bumper! prethee what's a Bumper?

Sq. For shame Uncle, not know what a Bumper is! Bumper is the *Parnassus* word for a Beer Glass top full.

Her. O the Learning of *Parnassus* exceeds all the Greek, Hebrew, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish in the world.

Ald. I find they made an Ass of thee indeed.

Sq. But you must know 'twas done by the Laws of *Parnassus*, where the Records of Poetry are most sacredly kept.

Ald. Records of *Parnassus*, prethee what place is *Parnassus*?

Sq. 'Tis a place of rest for the Souls of the Poets; for you must know they never go to Heaven, but when they die their Souls are condemned to *Parnassus*, there to sing Madrigals, every one in praise of his own Poetry to all eternity.

Aim. And that doubtless pleases them better than going to Heaven.

Ald. But will abusing a man inspire him with wit?

Her. The Ceremony without question will, for never was Boy so improved.

Ald. But will his wit get him an Estate, as mine has done?

Her. Nay by my faith I cannot say that.

Ald. Then a Wit is a pitiful poor Creature, and I'll warrant you one that will borrow money of his very Father: I have more wit than a hundred of 'em.

Sq. I Uncle, you got your wit out of Eternal *Hopkins*.

Ald. Come let me see your Master.

Over. I am the person that honours your Nephew so far as to make him my Prentice.

Ald. Honour him! he honours thee thou vainglorious Poet: but I do not blame thee, for 'tis natural to you all. But come Sir Poet, I'll try whether you're a Poet or no; break a Jest quickly quickly without studying, Sir.

Over. Hold Sir, a Jeſt is not ſo quickly at a Poets command.

Ald. Then you're a dull inſipid Poet, and will never go to *Parnaſſus*. To tell you true I like not your Profeſſion, therefore I'll buy the Boys time out; I'll give you a hundred pound, that you may take ſome lawful Calling: for Poets and Players are never uſeful but of a Lord Maiors day, when they're mounted on a Padgeant.

Bo. What think you of the Authority of the Nation, that allows them?

Ald. For all that we Citizens are always of our own opinion; and I ſay again, Poets and Players are never uſeful but when a King is crown'd, or a Lord Maior is choſen; and 'tis the opinion of the Court of Aldermen, and I'll ſtand in it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Arminger *and* Mariana.

SCENE III.

Ma. I am here by promiſe to give your Lordſhip Reaſons why you and I muſt never marry; and prepare your ſelf, for I've a ſtory bloud and horrour are the leaſt things in't.

Lo. Bleſs me, it ſtartles all my Spirits to hear ſweet Innocence talk of bloud; you muſt be virtuous, ſuch Sweetneſs cannot deceive.

Ma. My Lord I am falſe, a lewd Impoſtor, and not the Heireſs whom you came to marry.

Lo. How! you have not left me ſenſe enough to wonder! my blood wants motion, and life is ſtealing from me, and not ſenſible: ſpeak again, for 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd e'er be wicked.

Ma. I am not the Heireſs, but Sir *Marmaduke Seldins* own Daughter: and the true Heireſſes, my dear and lovely Kinſwomen, are——

Lo. Are what, where, ſpeak.

Ma. Murder'd: what opinion have you of my Virtue now, my Lord?

Lo. I rather fear your Senſes than your Virtue yet: ſome wild extravagancy hath ſeiz'd your parts, and made your Tongue ſtrike falſe: ſuch a heavenly Fabrick cannot be tenanted with Devils, therefore deliver truth in ſhort, and let me be at eaſe.

Ma. Our cruel Father forc'd our conſents to that more cruel murder, and had we refuſed, we had infallibly met our own deaths.

Lo. Hold, my heart has met ſo violent a ſtorm, 'twill overſet: I bear a weight of grief heavier than *Atlas* burthen. Pray you ſpeak of ſomething elſe, my ears are filled with ſo much wickedneſs, they have no room for more; pray you ſpeak the reſt as ſoftly as you can.

Ma. Then thus, my Lord; having met my Father in all his bloudy purpoſes.

Lo. Bleſs me, how unconcern'd ſhe talks of Bloud! her tongue perſuades one way, and her heavenly form another.

Ma. But the contrivance of theis deathr ſo infinitely ſurpriz'd and pleaſed

ſed my Father, that he truſted our Engines with the bloudy deed.

Lo. Bleſs me! how my opinion comes and goes! you ſeem to rejoyce, Madam.

Ma. Then hear me, Sir: My own Servant having a Seaman to her Lover, hired a Ship to carry them to the North of *Norway*, and there to ſet the Innocent aſhore, where none but the mercileſs inhabit: and being ſhipt, my jealous Father ſaw them under ſail below the *Hope*, and then return'd well ſatisfied. But our Servants by our order the next tide brought 'em back, and here I thank Heaven they are ſafe, and have eſcaped the wicked purpoſe of my Father.

Lo. I thank Heaven too, both for your virtuous act, and their preſervation: how glorious do you now appear! you ſhine ſo bright, your dazling Virtues hurt my tender ſight: I dare not gaze too much.

Ma. My Lord, preſerve your fine manag'd Tongue for the lovely Beauty that deſerves it; you came to court the true Heireſs, and Fate has purpoſely preſerv'd her for you. [*Enter Lidia.*

Lid. O my ſweet dear Lady, your Couſins will receive you with ſuch joy, I fear an Extacy will follow: I'll call them preſently.

Ma. Now you ſhall behold a Beauty worthy of the Lord *Arminger*, whoſe Parts and Fortune parallel yours: but had ſhe no wealth, and were as low as poor *Mariana*, the power of her Beauty wou'd humble the proudeſt of Monarchs, and make him ſtoop to court her.

Lo. Had ſhe all this Beauty, and the Worlds Treaſure in her own Exchequer, ſhe cou'd no more tempt me to love her, than ſhe cou'd tempt the dead. A Marble Statue her Beauty may give life and motion to, force it to weep, and tell its amorous paſſion, make it die for love, and ſo turn Statue again. All this I think is in the power of Love, and yet it cannot work a change in me, my heart is link'd ſo firmly to your Virtues. Magick cannot break the chain.

Enter Belmaria, Innocentia, Fidelia, Lidia, *Seaman.*

Ma. O my dear and lovely *Belmaria*! my pretty *Innocentia*!

Fi. We have embrac'd and kiſs'd already, Siſter; wept for joy, and given thanks: not ſo much as my ungodly Seaman old Captain *Hammock*, but has rendered thanks, to ſee us together again.

Bel. O you dear Preſervers! how ſhall we reward your Virtues! how ſhall we proclaim the honour due to your merits! 'Tis fit the World ſhould know that Heaven reigns in Wemen.

Fi. I, but the wicked World will hardly believe it.

In. O let me kiſs and clip, and hug thee! O thou's my goodly Couſin, thou wad not let us be murdered, Honey; no more wad thou, thou pratty Creature thou.

Fi. Siſter, whileſt we rejoyce to ſee each other, we loſe our ſelves in neglecting of my Lord.

Ma.

Ma. My Lord, moſt earneſtly I crave your pardon.

Lo. This precious love you ſhew each other requires my praiſe and wonder, not my pardon: Your Servant Madam, yours lovely *Innocentia.*

In. What pratty words he ſaid to me, Couſin!

Bel. We ought to rejoyce at the ſight of theſe Miracles, theſe Cherubins; for ſuch Virtue, my Lord, deſerves ſuch heavenly Attributes.

Lo. Madam, you cannot ſay enough; they are Angels onely wrapt up in Mortality, diſguized in lovely Fleſh and Bloud, to ſhew the world what bleſſed Creatures the whole Sex of Womankind were meant.

In. Now waiſe me Couſin, that my Tongue could but tattle as prattily as this deft Lords does.

Bel. My Lord, we intend equally to divide our Fortunes with them, to be leſs grateful wou'd render us unworthy of our lives, which they ſo virtuouſly have preſerved.

In. Marra Siſter, my Couſin ſhall have half of every thing I have; thou'ſt have half my Portion, nay by my Conſcience thou'ſt have half my Husband when I have him.

Fi. But Couſin, ſuppoſe this brave Lord were your Husband, wou'd you let me have half of him?

In. Now by my Saul I think I ſhou'd not: A wattanerin he's too pratty a man to part with, Couſin.

Lo. Lovely ſweet Innocence! I thank your kind opinion, Madam.

Ma. Good *Belmaria*, did you ſay half your Portions? my Lord, have they not brave and generous Souls, does it not add to their Beauties, and make them look more lovely, ſpeak my Lord?

Lo. With great aſtoniſhment I admire their offer! the worſt of men muſt needs adore ſuch Gratitude!

Ma. And the beſt of men deſpiſe us, ſhou'd we accept the offer.

Lo. It was my fear you wou'd, when you ſo highly extoll'd their Generoſity.

Ma. My Lord, if we have done good, the deed rewards it ſelf: Virtue's a free gift from above, and to be bought and ſold no more than Heaven.

Fi. Virtue was never mercenary yet; and if it ſhou'd, my Lord, we have not ſuch a ſtock as to ſell it out by retail.

Bel. This is obſtinacy, not honour, to refuſe a Friendſhip juſtly due to you: you'd make us ungrateful to raiſe your ſelves a Fame.

In. Let this deft Honey Lord be Judge now, they ſav'd us fra being devour'd by wild Bears, Honey Lord; then ſhou'd not we give them half we have, thou pratty man thou?

Fi. Diſpute this no more, but come to the point: I preſent your Lordſhip with the real Heireſs, my Siſter was but a falſe Nine-pin put upon you.

Ma. 'Tis true my Lord, this is your true prize, and worthy of your Greatneſs.

Bel. Hold Couſin, ſhall I be offer'd up to one that may refuſe me? that wou'd be a ſtain to my honour never to be cleans'd.

In.

In. Marra wad to the Lord of Heaven they wad all say so; then I hope at last he wad come to be my sweet Honey Husband.

Ma. We are now to think of safety, for home we must not go; therefore we beg your Lordship to take us into your protection.

Omnes. We all desire that favour, my Lord.

In. Favour, marra it's e'en a Blessing, and good Honey Sister let's ne'er go fra this pratty Lord whilest we live.

Lo. I receive you, Ladies, with such care as tender Mothers take of Infants; and if my Honour, Life, and Fortune can preserve you from your Fathers cruelty, you are safe.

Sea. Your safety lies in securing your Father, Madam; bring him to publick justice, and then you're safe.

Ma. O say that no more; my Lord and *Belmaria*, you have milder tempers, we have preserved your lives, and to publish my Fathers shame were to murder us.

Fi. The ill he meant you see is mercifully prevented; how ungrateful then wou'd you all appear to us! but thy Nature like thy horrid Aspect is all rough and furr'd; thy love to her is furr'd all over like a sick mans tongue, so that love in thee is a perfect Fever; and when thou'rt well, it is no longer love, but turns again to brutish Seaman.

Lo. What way can you propose to secure your selves, and conceal your Fathers shame, Ladies?

Ma. If we cou'd find a way to bring him to repentance.

Bel. I, dear Cousin, that were a blessed work indeed, we cou'd all wish that, but how?

Ma. Why thus: your Lordship, we desire to get my Father hither, and tell him we are fallen desperately ill, indeed distracted; say something has appeared to us, and frighted us, and desire him to come with all speed, lest we die before he has a sight of us.

Fi. Very good; my two Cousins, *Lidia*, and her Seaman, shall appear at that window like Ghosts, call him Bloudy Murderer, bid him repent, and so vanish.

Ma. That must shake his Spirits being guilty, and I hope may work upon his hardned heart.

Lo. We all hope that; I much approve of this contrivance, and if you please I'll instantly about it.

Bel. My Lord, we shall for ever own the obligation.

In. Good Honey Lord, take heed my naughty Nuncle do not kill you now.

Lo. Sweet lovely *Innocentia*, I thank you; your faithful Seavant, Ladies. [*Exit Lord.*

In. Faithful to us all! marra Ise sure Iste have the least share of you then.

Bel. Come dear *Mariana*, this tryal I hope will bring your poor Father to an humble penitence.

Ma.

Ma. It is the onely bleſſing upon earth my Soul prays for.
Fi. I hope for ſomething elſe upon earth before I die, Siſter.
Omnes. We ſhall all rejoyce to ſee you both enjoy your wiſhes. [*Exeunt.*

FIFTH ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Buffoon, Bowman, Laton.

La. O Sir *Hercules*, there's rods in piſs for you 'y faith, my Uncle is ſo incens'd againſt thee, for putting that damn'd Joke of *Whetſtones Park* upon him, that he reſolves to have the whole Nation ſearch'd, but he will have thee.

Her. I thought a Deer out of *Whetſtones Park* had been welcomer to him than all the Venizon i'th' world; how came he to know it?

Bo. Why it ſeems he inquir'd of ſome of his Brother Lawyers where about in *Middleſex* a place call'd *Whetſtones Park* ſtood; and withall told 'em he had bargain'd for two Brace of Deer yearly out on't during his life.

La. Upon that they all fell a laughing at him ready to ſplit, and told him it was a Park of Bawdy-houſes; which made him fall into ſo great a rage, that he has ſent his Clerk, Conſtables, and Devil and all to ſearch for thee.

Her. Why you know 'twas Sir *Thomas Lovill* with the wooden Leg, that put *Whetſtones Park* upon him: I'll go to him as I am Sir *Hercules*, and bid him produce his lame Knave Sir *Thomas Lovill*: haſt thou the Deed of thy Fathers Eſtate, Man?

La. I have it Old Boy: he was ſo pleas'd that I fought with thee in the defence of his Reputation, that he gave me the Deed preſently; and the Lawyers aſſure me, that it is as firm a Deed as ever yet was ma e.

Her. Then never fear me, I'll get off well enough I'll warrant you.

La. I'll own the whole to him; come we'll contrive it as we go.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lord Arminger *and Guardian,*

SCENE II.

Lo. Sir *Marmaduke*, I have ſomething to impart to you; but you being ſubject to violent paſſions, I am not willing to communicate ſuch unwelcom news to you.

Sel. My Lord, to ſhew the dear reſpect I bear you, paſſion ſhall be my ſlave for once; I'll ſtop his violent ſource, and yoke him to humility: therefore let me know the worſt of ill my cruel Fate has deſtin'd.

Lo. In ſhort your Nieces are fallen deſperately ill.

Sel. Is that all, my Lord? if they be ſick we will have a Doctor.

Lo. Not ſick, but worſe; a ghaſtly fear and trembling has poſſeſt them, ſomething appears to 'em and frights 'em; for they ran to me and cryed, Save us, Save us; and ask'd me if I ſaw nothing, and pointed with their Fingers, crying aloud, There they are, There they are: have they ever had ſuch Fits before?

Sel. Often my Lord, often; ever when they dream of Hopgoblins, the next day they run to me for ſhelter: dam 'em their baſe womaniſh fear will deſtroy their glorious preferment.

Lo. Their deſperate Fits wou'd make me think 'em guilty of Murder, but for my full perſuaſion of their ſweet and bleſſed innocence: and what unſpeakable comfort it is to be innocent! what ſay you, Sir?

Sel. Yes, it is a fine childiſh comfort, for to be innocent is to be ignorant, to be ignorant is to know nothing, and they that know nothing are unworthy to be reckon'd of the race of Man. And that is my opinion of Innocence, my Lord.

Lo. I am troubled to hear this, it is no religious Anſwer.

Sel. It was no religious Queſtion. I wou'd ſee my Nieces, are they here, my Lord?

Lo. Yes, they are here, bloudy Villain: I'll fetch thoſe bleſſed Innocents, which by thy virtuous Daughters were preſerv'd. [*Ghoſt above.*

Sel. Ha, ha! what thou art a fooliſh Scarcrow call'd a Ghoſt, art thou not?

Lo. Who is't you ſpeak to? what is't you ſee?

Sel. Nothing, I ſpeak to nothing, I ſee nothing, do you my Lord?

Lo. No, Sir; but ſuch diſtracted ſtarts as thoſe your Nieces had.

Sel. Then good my Lord withdraw; in ſhort the Devil and I have conference once a week, and now's the time.

Lo. I'll fetch your Nieces, their Virtues may fright your Devil away. [*Exit Lord.*

Sel. Now thou venemous Serpent clad in ghoſtly white, come down, that I may kill thee over again, and ſo have thee doubly damn'd

Sea. Thou canst not Fool hurt me, I am an aiery Spirit.

Sel. Come down, and I'll knead and mould thy aiery Spirit into substance, that I may tear it into air again: what art thou?

Sea. A damn'd Soul of thy preferring, dispatch and die; the Devils are stark made in Hell, that thou art so long on Earth; therefore make haste, they want thee.

Sel. If the Devil wants me, let him if he dares come fetch me: I dare him and his whole Host of Furies, bring *Proserpine* his Wife; and in spite of all his Guards I'll keep her here on earth, and make Prince *Pluto* my Cuckold; and what a shame 'twou'd be to Hell to have it said, Miss *Proserpine* is kept.

Sea. Cease thy madness, Fool; I am that Seaman who undertook the bloudy Murder of thy Nieces, but was prevented by being all drowned at Sea.

Sel. Drowned, art thou sure of it?

Sea. Too sure.

Sel. Then take notice I am their Heir at Law; come down sweet Ghost, and let me kiss thee; for never did Spirit bring such blessed news.

Bel. O wicked Uncle repent.

In. Repent, for thou's my naughty Nuncle.

Sel. What a *Yorkshire* Ghost! what Northern Devil is thy Guardian now?

Sea. Since thou canst not wretched man repent, behold us all in flesh and bloud, and clad in pure innocence.

Sel. Alive, all alive! O happy hour, O blessed minute! Come, come down, dear Nieces, and behold your poor Uncle rejoycing in his tears, to find you all thus secretly preserved: what Saint was't that saved you?

Bel. Your virtuous Children, so we come, good Uncle.

In. Take heed thou dissemble not, good Nuncle. [*Exeunt above.*

Sel. My own Daughters betray me! I that thought my subtilty above the reach of Devils, by Children to be deluded! O dam 'em! how like innocent truth their words fell from 'em, and I an infatuated Fool believed!

Enter Lord, Fidelia, Belmaria, Innocentia, Lidia, *Seaman.*

Lo. Sir *Marmaduke*, I take you in my arms, and am o'erjoy'd to see such penitential tears flow from you.

Sel. O my Lord, I find my Children have made known my wicked purpose, and my shame confounds me so, I dare not look upon your virtuous Figure; O let me see my heavenly Babes.

Ma. Here dear Father, let us for ever kneel, and for evermore thank Heaven for this your blest conversion.

Fi. O dear Sir, what comfort 'tis to see you satisfied that these are safe.

Sel.

Sel. A bleſſed comfort indeed, they are Saints, my Lord, too good to dwell on Earth, and therefore ſhall to Heaven, thus ye Devils! *Stabs Mariana; Lord and Seaman disarm him.*

Lo. Hold thou curſed Wretch! take his Sword from's ſide, whileſt I diſarm him of his Dagger.

Fi. Run, run for Surgeons; let all the Houſhold run.

Lo. Houſhold! imploy the whole World for Surgeons, and let all the buſineſs of the Earth ſtand ſtill, till *Mariana* be recovered.

Ma. Have mercy on my diſtreſſed Father, my Lord.

Sel. A curſe on thee for a Religious Jilt.

Lo. What can he now expect but publick juſtice! for all the Records of Hell cannot produce ſuch wickedneſs as is in thee: but for *Mariana*'s ſake yet repent, and all ſhall be forgot.

Sel. Repent! Seaman, that Lord's turn'd Fool: did Quality ever trouble it ſelf with repentance before? it lies not in the road of Greatneſs: Fetch me the Devil, and I'll thank you; I have revengful work for him and his whole Tribe: give me my Sword.

Sea. You are in no condition to be truſted with a Sword, Sir.

Sel. Lord, of all Mankind truſt not that treacherous Slave; he once ſeemed to me the braveſt, and the bloudieſt Villain that ever Man or Devil imployed; and the falſe Dog turn'd tail, prov'd honeſt, and betray'd me. My Children too prov'd falſe; who wou'd ſtay in this wicked world! I and my damn'd Iſſue will out on't: to ſee them fry in torments, wou'd pleaſe me better than to be a Monarch.

Lo. Thou Wretch, think of thy Soul, and then repent.

Sel. I cannot, revenge allows no time to think of Souls: the Heralds know every thing takes place of Penitence, that comes ſneaking behind, and is allow'd no place of Honour; but Vengeance rides i'th' front o'th' battel, and I his right hand man: therefore this Tongue ſhall never utter any words, but Vengeance, Furies, and Torments, Torments, Furies, and Vengeance: revenge, Devils, revenge. [*Exit Seldin.*

Lo. What an Example of Deſperation's here! Pray you, Sir, be careful of him till I ſend Miniſters to comfort him. I wonder ſo wicked a man ſhou'd have ſuch virtuous children! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Judge and Clerk at one door; Bowman, Laton, Buffoon, Squire, at another.

SCENE III.

La. Clerk, take heed, be ſure you be true to us.

Clerk. I'll ſtick as cloſe to you as your Shirt, Sir.

Her. Save you, my Lord; I underſtand one *Lovit*, a Rogue with one

eye and a wooden leg, has inform'd you that I have with most reproachful and ignominious words bespatter'd your Judgship.

Jud. Oho! then it seems you are Sir *Hercules Buffoon*, that have as you call it bespatter'd me: write a Warrant, Clerk, I'll clap you up, and clap an Action of ten thousand pounds upon you for scandal, Sir.

Sq. That will be a damn'd Clap indeed, Clap him up, and Clap an Action; this Judge talks of nothing but Claps, I believe he knows *Whetstones Park* better than I do.

Her. Clap me up! I scorn your words, my Lord: bring that Villain *Lovill* to my face, to justifie his words if he dare.

Jud. I am afraid, Clerk, he dares not come, because of the roguish bargain he put upon me, of two Brace of Deer out of *Whetstones Park*; it seems a Park of Baudy-houses: Rogue! Rogue!

Sq. My Lord, I'll take that bargain off your hands; I'll give you two Brace of Fallow Deer for your two Brace of *Whetstone*.

Jud. Yours is such another Park as *Whetstone*, I suppose: but for *Lovill* I'll clap him up in a Jayl, where he shall never come out.

Sq. Another Clap! this old Fellow has been a Swinger in's days.

Her. He's a sherking Knave and no Knight, my Lord.

Jud. How came he to be call'd so then?

Bo. In the time of the Civil Wars he found friends it seems to get a blank Warrant for a Baronet, and not finding a good Customer for it, he sawcily bestow'd the Honour upon himself.

Jud. He is the first Subject that ever made himself a Knight.

Her. Not by some few, my Lord: but I am told you threaten to undo me, for which I'll clap an Action of the Case upon you, my Lord.

Sq. Then there will be Clap for your Clap, and the stone in your foot Bill, my Lord.

Jud. If I find this *Lovill*, I'll purge your ill manners for you.

Her. The Rogues Oath will not be taken, he has been Knight of the Post these twenty years; there came in his Knighthood, 'tis his trade, he has nothing else to live on.

Jud. Did you ever hear two men rail at one another thus, Sir?

Bo. I think the like was never known, my Lord.

Jud. Well, till *Lovill* be found I'll secure you, Sir.

Her. I defie both Law and Lawyers, for I have a Protection.

Jud. A Protection! I believe the Devil voids Protections faster than Children void Worms; let me see it, Sir.

Her. I have it not yet, thus if you'll call for a Pen and Ink I'll write my self one presently.

Jud. This Fellow seems to be some Jester rather than a Knight.

Bo. He may be a Jester, and yet a Knight too.

Jud. But hold Clerk, was not this Gentleman here with Sir *Thomas Lovill*?

Bo. My Lord, I was not here; I have a Twin Brother indeed very like me, I suppose it might be him.

Jud.

Jud. That may be, but I am certain this young Squire was here, and ſaid he was *Lovill*'s Son.

Sq. My Lord, I was not here; I have a Twin Brother indeed very like me, I ſuppoſe it might be him.

Jud. This Fellow's a Fool, and not a Squire ſure.

Sq. My Lord, a Fool and a Squire are Twins too, you'll ſcarce know one from the other.

Jud. Clerk, ſure this is Sir *Thomas Lovill*'s Son.

Sq. I had rather be thought the Son of a Whore: *Lovill*'s a Rogue that deals with Pick-pockets, and can help people to ſtolen goods again.

Bo. This is you all this while, Knight.

Jud. You all deny the truth: Sir *Buffoon*, you'll deny too that my Nephew cudgell'd you.

Her. I ſcorn to be cudgell'd; I confeſs he caned me indeed, and he kick'd me ſo, that my Hanches look as black as a *Weſtphalia* Ham, or the Traytors Quarters upon the City gates.

La. Upon my word, my Lord, I never caned nor kick'd him; nor did I ever in my life ſee the man before this day.

Jud. Did you not beat him then for abuſing me ſo groſly?

La. No, my Lord.

Jud. Then give me my Deed again, Sirrah.

La. No, my Lord.

Jud. Why did you own, you baſe Fellow, that you were caned and kick'd?

Her. Becauſe, my Lord, I take delight in Lying; 'tis my darling virtue, I love it better than you love *Whetſtone* Veniſon, my Lord.

Jud. You Raſcal, I'll have you cudgell'd becauſe you ſcorn it.

Bo. O my Lord, exerciſe your patience, and take ſome other courſe.

Jud. Then I ſuppoſe that you, Sirrah, hired that Rogue *Lovill* to tell me ſtories of your Valour, to wheedle me out of my Eſtate.

La. I did ſo, my Lord.

Jud. You impudent Fellow, haſt thou the Face to juſtifie it?

La. Yes, my Lord.

Jud. And this ridiculous Squire is *Lovill* that Raſcal's Son.

Sq. Yes, my Lord, and I am this Knights Son too, my Lord.

Jud. You abominable Fool, how can that be?

Bo. Becauſe, my Lord, Sir *Hercules* diſguiz'd himſelf with a black patch and a wooden leg, a purpoſe to put this trick upon you.

Jud. Clerk, bear witneſs, here are two Knights found in one perſon, both confeſſing each other to be notorious Rogues; here's a Pilory in the caſe, beſides Whipping in abundance.

Her. You have done well, ouns what have you brought me to!

Jud. The misfortune is, that theſe two Knights have but one back to bear all the whipping due to 'em both.

Her. I defie your whipping; pull off my Coat, look you here, Sir; I am the

the Court Fool, and here's my Fools Coat to protect me.

Jud. Death! had ever Lawyer so many tricks put upon him, cheated of my Office, my Estate; and not content with that, but thus grosly to abuse me too?

La. Your Conscience knows you cozen'd my Father grosly, and I have got it again by a trick, so there's trick for your trick, and the stone in your foot still.

Jud. I think there's a flaw in the Deed, if there be Villain, I'll make thee the wretch'd'st Begger in the Nation.

B. We have been with Council, and they say it is the firmest Deed that ever yet was drawn; so that you have the credit of being the best Conveyancer of all the Town.

Jud. Then am I the first man that ever was undone by being too good a Lawyer; but I'll find some other way to destroy thee, thou accursed Villain. [*Exeunt Judge and Clerk.*

Sq. As angry as you are, I expect my bargain of *Whetstones Park*, my Lord.

Her. Now Boys let's to the Tavern, eat, drink, and rejoyce; for *Dagon* the Law is beaten down, and shall be no longer worshipped. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fidelia *and* Innocentia.

SCENE IV.

Fi. How do you, my dear *Innocentia?* my Soul mourns to hear you say you're sick, Child.

In. Prethee cousin do not call me Child; by my Saul I have Womans thoughts in me, my head akes so it plays Riveskin with me; waes me my Heart greips me too.

Fi. You mistake, Jewel; 'tis the Belly that gripes, not the Heart.

In. Nay God waite it's e'en my Heart that is it; I can do nought but think of that pratty Lord, Cousin, then my Heart gripes me so, that Ise e'en ready to be dead; what means that, hast thou any skill to tell me, Cousin?

Fi. Alas my dear Cousin, I doubt you are in love.

In. Now waes me, Ise quite undone then; thou knows, Cousin, that sweet Honey Lord kiss'd my hand e'en now, and he kiss'd it so prattily, that I have kiss'd it a thousand time, since, because that pratty Lord kiss'd it; and is that love think'st thou Cousin?

Fi. I, and desperate love too; shall I tell him how you love him, Cousin?

In. I, and e'en Gods Benison and mine light on thee for it: but I doubt, Cousin, thou'll speak ean word for me, and twea for thy self.

Fi. O fie Cousin, do not think I am so treacherous.

In.

In. By my Saul Ise sure I shou'd serve thee sa.

Fi. Poor sweet Jewel, I pity thee exceedingly.

Enter Lord Arminger.

Lo. O *Fidelia* rejoyce, your Sisters wound proves but a scratch; all danger's past, she's dress and coming forth.

Fi. I heartily rejoyce: but, my Lord, this sweet Creature is so in love with your Lordship, that if you be not civil to her, I really think 'twill kill her.

Lo. Heaven forbid, pretty Lady! be assured I pay you my respects with all the love my Honour can give way to.

In. Let me but once a day look at thy pratty Face, and then kiss my hand for me thou dest pratty Man, and that's all the blessing I desire in the warld.

Enter Mariana.

Lo. Assure your self of those and thousands more: but behold your sweet Sister, O my dear *Mariana*, Providence I hope has lent you life, to make mine easie to me.

Ma. Stop there, my Lord; made not you a Contract with my Father, to marry *Belmaria* the eldest Heiress?

Lo. I grant I did so, Madam.

Ma. And was not I without a Fortune falsly put upon you? did you not court me as *Belmaria*, and truly love me as *Belmaria*?

Lo. Your Fathers Dagger is in every word you've spoke, and has not scratch'd but wounded.

In. Now waes me, my pratty Lord's in love with thy Sister, Cousin.

Lo. *Mariana*, you accuse me as if I had broke my Faith: by Heaven I never yet was false.

Ma. You will be, if you persist in a love sprung from a false foundation; you made love to an Impostor, a false woman; and now you know the Cheat, are you so weak to think your Honour is engaged to make that Courtship good to that Impostor?

Lo. An Impostor is the welcom'st blessing upon earth to me, if it appear in your lovely Figure.

In. Now by my Saul he's more in love with her, than Ise with him, waes me!

Ma. I believe, my Lord, you truly love me, and that's my onely Curse.

In. Ten thousand like Curses fall on me, they wou'd be my best Blessings, Cousin.

Ma.

Ma. When I consider how sillily, how by a trick you came to love me, I must in honour pronounce my own doom, and say I'll never marry.

In. God in Heaven keep her ever in that mind.

Ma. The wrong else to *Belmaria* wou'd look, as if we saved her from one murder, to execute a worse upon her.

Enter Belmaria.

Bel. Mariana, you nor your Lord have injured; but had your Father prov'd faithful, perhaps I had been your Bride, my Lord.

In. Woes me, what shall I do, my Sister's in love with him too! wad I had been devour'd with wild Bears.

Ma. Had my Father been faithful, *Belmaria* says you had been hers: mark that, my Lord; can you after this ever make court to me? my Lord, this heart, and every drop of bloud within it, has more love for you than *Dido* quitted life for; yet all this can I conquer to be just, therefore must not in point of Honour marry. What strong Arguments I use to destroy my self!

Fi. I thank Fate I am not in Love's Lime twigs, for here's the Devil and all to do: In point of Honour forsooth one will not marry, and the other will not marry; so that I find the Punctilio's of Honour will destroy Generation, and is't not pity such a Lord shou'd die, without leaving some of his Brood behind him, Cousin?

In. I God he knows is it.

Lo. I know she loves me, I'll try her with a small design: *Mariana*, I find your resolution fixt, and no persuasion can make you mine; therefore I will take your advice, and apply my self to fair *Belmaria*: so your Servant, Madam; sweet *Belmaria*, now I address to you.

Ma. Hold, hold, I die I die. [*They run to her.*

Lo. Say you'll be my Wife, and then I'll quit *Belmaria*.

Ma. Any thing rather than see that cruel sight again.

Fi. Marry her presently, my Lord, lest Honour get the upper hand again.

In. Help, help, my heart is broken quite in two. [*Falls down.*

Fi. Alas my sweet Cousin! Do you take her up, my Lord, and she'll do well again.

Lo. How do you do, dear *Innocentia*?

In. Is it the pratty Lord that comes to help me? then I is varra well again.

Ma. Then we are happy, my Lord, and I am wholly yours: but how does my Father all this while?

Lo. He desires to go into the Country with two Ministers, who gave me great assurance of his conversion. We will marry then with all convenient speed.

Bel.

Bel. I hope, my Lord, you'll be our Guardian, and let us live together, and we are ſatisfied.

In. And good Honey Lord, let us never part whileſt we have one hour to live.

Lo. By my life we wou'd not quit you for all the world's wealth; and I'll make it my whole buſineſs to match you to Honourable Fortunes.

Enter Alderman, Squire, Bowman, Laton, *and* Aimwell.

Ald. With your leave, my Lord *Arminger*; we hear Sir *Marmaduke Seldin* is diſtracted and dying, and that your Lordſhip is made Guardian to the two Heireſſes.

Lo. The Ladies are pleaſed to think me worthy of that Truſt, and I have undertaken it.

Ald. The Northern Lady is to marry my Nephew, my Lord: to that end, Sir *Marmaduke* caus'd me to ſettle my Eſtate intirely upon her; the Match is gone ſo far, my Lord.

Sq. Nay 'tis gone further with us young Folks, for we have play'd at *Clapperdepouch* together; therefore 'tis too late to break off the Match.

In. By my Saul I never play'd at *Clapperdepouch* with thee: did my Nuncle mean to wad me to ſike ana Fool as thee!

Sq. Why this is not my *Clapperdepouch* Uncle.

Fi. Why no, I is thy *Clapperdepouch* Honey.

Sq. What the Devil is there two *Clapperdepouches!* I am ſure one muſt be falſe.

In. Iſe ſure Iſe the right Northern Heireſs.

Sq. Then thou art the falſe one, Honey: I have heard of Falſe Dice, and Falſe Nine-pins; but to have a Falſe *Clapperdepouch* put upon a man, is more than ever I heard of.

Ald. My Lord, I will not ſtand to this bargain, for my Eſtate is ſettled upon the Northern Heireſs.

Lo. No, Sir, I have read the Deed, and it is ſettled upon *Fidelia Seldin.*

Ald. Then I am cozen'd, my Lord, and abuſed.

Lo. Not ſo, Sir, 'twas your own voluntary Act: beſides, I have married her Siſter, and I hope you'll think it no diſparagement for me to call you Uncle, and you me Nephew; and to have your Kinſman call me Brother.

Ald. My Lord, I ſhall take it for the greateſt honour in the world.

Sq. A much greater honour than our Alliance with King *Pippin*; and ſo I receive *Fidelia Seldin* for my Wife.

Ald. And I receive you, my Lord, as my Nephew, and your Lady as my Niece.

Enter Sir Hercules Buffoon *and* Overwise.

Her. And I receive you as my Son and Daughter: by this Match you honour us, as you are a Noble Lord; and we honour you, by making you a Kinſman to King *Pippin*.

Over. My Earl of Honour, I have one Project, the which if your Lordſhip will countenance ——

Lo. You know I was always your Friend, and ever will be.

Over. Then my Earl you muſt know, my Anceſtor was the firſt Inventor of Short Hand, and you ſee of what uſe it is to the world; but at firſt it was extremely laugh'd at, as no doubt my Project will be.

Bo. There is no queſtion of it in the leaſt.

Lo. Pray you let me hear your Project as briefly as you can.

Over. Briefly! I find I am troubleſom, I humbly refuſe then, my Lord.

Him. I wou'd not give a Doit to hear it.

Over. My Lord, I humbly grieve that I have rudely refuſed: my Project is this.

Lo. I will not hear it now, Sir.

Over. Then I pity you, my Lord —— Young Man, thou ſhalt hear it.

Sql. By my faith but I will not.

Over. Now, Sir, it is my opinion, that you ſprung not from the Loyns of King *Pippin*.

Her. Sir, do you affront the Family of the *Buffoons*?

Sq. I'll affront your Coxcomb with *Mahomets* own Semitor, that cut off *Orene*'s head.

Over. My Lord, upon my Honor that very Semitor hangs up now in *Oreſham* College.

Lo. Now, Sir, I'll hear your Project, for your Semitors ſake at *Oreſham* College.

Over. My Lord, you know all the World now writes Short Hand, and my Project is that, which I am I confeſs really fond of.

Bo. That's more than any man elſe will be, I doubt: well, what is it?

Over. Sir, I communicate onely to my Lords Ladies, you may hear if you pleaſe: my Project is, Ladies, well, I value my ſelf extremely upon it.

Him. Marra the Devil hama, gin this be nor a worſe Fool than thy *Clapperdepouch* Couſin.

Over. Well in ſhort, as all the World writes Short Hand, ſo I wou'd teach all the World to ſpeak Short Hand, and by an Act of Parliament have it call'd the Short Hand Tongue.

La. Speak Short Hand, and have it call'd the Short Hand Tongue! *Jack Adams* for that; ha, ha, ha.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Over.

Over. Did not I before hand tell your Lordſhip I ſhou'd be laugh'd at?

La. You did ſo indeed moſt Prophetically.

Over. Nevertheleſs, my Lord, I ſhall proceed; for I have really computed, that a long-winded Miniſter ſhall preach a Sermon in the Short Hand Tongue, in as little time as a Horſe ſhall run a Four miles courſe, and that is exactly ſeven minutes, Madam.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bo. Why do you laugh, Gentlemen? I think 'twou'd be great Service to the Nation, to have a Sermon preach'd in ſeven minutes.

Aim. Then Sermons wou'd not be tedeous, nor people wou'd not ſleep at Church.

Her. Nor wou'd they have time to make love there, as I have done often.

Sq. Nor wou'd Sunday Pies be burnt in the Oven, nor Meat oven roaſted, nor would Farmers have time to make Bargains at Church.

Over. Right, Sir: I will undertake to make the Merchants of the Change, and Lawyers at the Bar, plead all their buſineſs in the Short Hand Tongue; nay, and the Judges ſhall give Sentence in the Short Hand Tongue.

Sq. And men ſhall be hang'd in Short Hand Ropes, and then they will feel no pain.

Over. Right; and what eaſe wou'd it be to the World, to have all the whole buſineſs of a day done in ſeven minutes!

Sq. Then ſhou'd we have all the reſt of the day to be drunk in.

La. I believe thou ſpeakſt Short Hand already, Squire; for always when thou'rt drunk, thou putſt twelve words into one.

Sq. That is not Short Hand, 'tis call'd Clipping the Kings Engliſh. I hope Sir, you'll teach Women to ſcold in Short Hand Tongue, and that wou'd be great Service to the Nation.

Bo. Good my Lord, let us laugh this inſufferable Short Hand Fool quite out of the Land.

Omnes. The Short Hand Tongue! ha, ha, ha, away Fool away.

Over. I'll make you all Fools with one Philoſophical Queſtion, Tell me whether at the great or the ſmall end of a Spiders Egg does Nature make Production?

La. Thou art the Product of an Aſs I'm ſure.

Sq. Pray you Sir, let me ask you one queſtion, Is your name *Overwiſe* or *Otherwiſe*?

Over. It is not proper for me to ſay, I'll quarrel with you; but, Sir, I'll make a Ceſſation of Friendſhip with you, and ſo draw upon you.

Bo. Hold, hold; put up, put up; away Short Hand Aſs.

Over. Well I pity all Fools, from the Gentleman to the Lord and Lady Fools, and ſo I take my leave. [*Exit Overwiſe.*

Sq. I hope you'll take your leave in the Short Hand Tongue.

Aim. My Lord, we hope you will befriend us ſo far, as to admit us Suitors to theſe Heireſſes.

Lo. Gentlemen, were I not concern'd, I wou'd ſerve you frankly; but being their Guardian, were you my Brothers I wou'd not betray my Truſt; but will match them to men of ſuch Honour and Wealth, as ſhall deſerve their Fortunes: and this Reſolution you cannot take unkindly.

Lu. No my good Lord, your anſwer has fully ſatisfied us.

Bel. What a Noble Lord is this, Couſin?

Ma. Come pretty Couſin, I'll give you half I have now; nay, I'll give you half my Husband.

In. Thank you Honey Couſin, but Iſte be a little Whore then, ſhall I not?

Ma. No ſweet Couſin, I'll have a care of that.

Fi. My Lord, we muſt ſee honeſt Captain *Hammock* here and his Miſs well rewarded, and all's done.

Lo. And it ſhall be done to their Satisfaction.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Wrote and ſpoke by J. H. *Com.*

METhinks (Right Worthy Friends) you ſeem to ſit,
As if you had all ta'en Phyſick in the Pit.
When the Play's done, your jaded Fancies pall:
After Enjoyment thus 'tis with us all.

You are
Meer Epicures in Thinking; and, in fine,
As difficult to pleaſe in Plays as Wine:
You've no true taſte of either, judge at random,
And cry, De guſtibus non diſputandum.
One's for Vin d'Hermitage, *Love's lofty inditing;*
Another Old Hoc, *he a Style that's biting;*
Both hate Champaign, *and Damn ſoft natural Writing.*
And ſome forſooth
Love Rheniſh Wine and Sugar, *Plays in Meeter;*
Like dead Wine, ſwallowing Nonſenſe Rhimes make ſweeter.
There's one's for a Cup of Nants, *and be 'tis odds,*
Like old Buffoon, *loves Plays that ſwinge the Gods.*
True Engliſh Topers Racy Sack *ne'er fail;*
With ſuch Ben. Johnſon's *humming Plays prevail.*
Whileſt ſome at Tricks and Grimace onely ſneer;
To ſuch muſt noiſy frothy Farce appear;
Theſe new-Wits reliſh Small Smart Bottle Beer.
French Gouts, that mingle Water with their Wine,
Cry, Ah de French Song, Goſoun dat is ver' fine.
Who never drink without a reliſhing Bit;
Scapin *methinks ſuch ſickly Taſtes might hit:*

Where-

Where w' entertain each squeamish nicer Palat
With Sawce of Dances, and with Songs for Salad.
Since then 'tis so hard to please (with choicest Dyet)
Our Guests, wh'in Wit and Sense do dayly riot:
Since Wit is damn'd by those whom Wits we call;

As Love that stands by Love, by Love does fall;
When Fools both good and bad (like Whores) swallow all,
"I wish for your sakes the Sham Wits o'th' Nation
"Would take to some honest, some thriving Vocation.
"The Wit of our Feet, you see every Night,
"Says more to our purpose than all you can write:
"Since things are thus carried, a Wit's such a Tool,
"He that makes the best Plays, does but best play the Fool.

A Dreaded Fool's your Bully,
A Wealthy Fool's your Cit,
A Contented Fool's your Cully,
But your Fool of Fool's your Wit.

They all Fool Cit of 's Wife,
He fools them of their Pelf;
But your Wit's so damn'd a Fool,
He onely Fools himself.

O Wits, then face about to Sense! Alas,
I know it by my self a Wit's an Ass.

For (like you) in my time
I've been Fooliſh in Rhime;

But now so repent the Nonſenſical Crime:
I speak it in Tears, which from me may ſeem odly,
Henceforth I'll grow wiſer; Damn Wit, I'll be Godly:
That when by new Grace I have wip'd off old Stains,
In time I may paſs, not for Count, but Sir Haynes.

FINIS.

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